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Events of the Week.

WITH all the fronts now active the problem for Germany becomes clearer. The effect of the successes of General Brussiloff having been to sweep away three or four Austrian armies, for the time being at least, the onus of defending a considerably longer line than that occupied at the beginning of June devolves upon Germany. The Allied plan consists in ensuring to the Allies the advantage of their superiority by simultaneous attacks on all fronts. The British and French on the West, the Italians on their front, the Grand Duke's armies in Armenia, and now the Allies in the Balkans are seeing to it that reinforcements are not drawn to the weakest part of the front, which is at present Galicia. They are doing more. By imposing a constant wastage upon the enemy they are using up the reservoir that is alone available for drafts. The proof of these conclusions lies in the news of the week, which records the delivery in Picardy of counter-attacks that are so much weaker than at the beginning of the offensive that they do not achieve even an immediate success.

THE Balkan campaign must either produce tangible results, even if they be negative, in the next month, or stand for ever condemned. If Rumania should join the Allies or not join the enemy, and if the constitutional power in Greece should be restored by the elections, then the operation will have at least something to show in extenuation of its failure to help Serbia and its subsequent inactivity. At

present the Allies have thrust up the centre to the heights about Doiran. The enemy reply has been prompt and skilful. They have struck at both flanks. Taking Florina, they attempted to turn the Serb flank; but without success. They attacked the eastern flank on the Struma front, and after a slight initial advance were brought to a standstill. Their advance guards were reported nearing Kavala; but no more has been heard of them. The front, from west to east, must represent over 150 miles, and if the enemy is to operate on that front without risk, he must have a considerable force at his disposal. The primary objective of the Allies is to hold this force, and so far their purpose has been achieved.

IN Picardy the Franco-British offensive seems to be wearing the German resistance there. With the exception of a small section of trench on the extreme south of the French line at Estrées and another at Sayecourt, which have changed hands several times, the Germans have achieved no success. Maurepas has been brilliantly captured by the French, and the British lines are closing in on Thiepval. This village holds a position similar to that of Fricourt at the beginning of the offensive; and it is being reduced in much the same way. The attack is directed from the west, south, and south-east, and when the village falls it will greatly strengthen the British line. Martinpuich and Courcellette will follow rapidly, and Ginchy and Guillemont are also threatened. Thiepval holds in its fate a considerable readjustment of the front in this quarter. It has been highly fortified as part of the original line; but it seems impossible that it should hold out much longer. The map of the trench system shows beyond the possibility of error that the defences behind the first fortifications are much less formidable, and since the object of all fortresses is to enable a weaker force to check a stronger, the weakening defences will require a greater force of enemy troops to hold them. This is an incidental effect of breaching the front entrenchment system.

THE French are gradually making progress at Verdun. They have extended their hold on the Fleury-Thiaumont section of the line—that is to say, near the Meuse, and have pushed forward farther east. The rate of their advance is slow, but not slower than that of the Germans for several months. By devoting themselves to this part of the front the French have hit upon a subtle way of aiming at German pride. It is this that keeps immobilized with the Crown Prince as great an army as the Staff can muster, for at a certain point the French recovery would proclaim its lesson to the world. Further, in attacking at Verdun the French have sound strategy behind them, and this may appear when the Picardy offensive has been pressed home.

GENERAL BRUSSILLOFF seems at present to have been brought to a halt on the flanks of Bothmer's retreating army; but with characteristic versatility, and because, as he said, he "cannot bear a lull," he has struck at two other places. General Kaledin has seized more ground to the

west of the Stokhod, north-east of Kovel, and Lechitsky has advanced through the Jablonitza Pass. Each of these operations has its essential significance from the light it throws on the inadequacy of the enemy forces at those points. Lechitsky has seized heights near Korosmezo, in Hungary, and it is clear that the Russians intend to apply some force in this direction. As a reply, the Austrians attacked farther south, and at first compelled the Russians to fall back a little. These operations divert attention from the crucial point, which is Bothmer's stand in defence of Lemberg. It is not yet clear whether he intends to stand on the Gnila-Lipa or farther east.

THE Armenian situation is again presenting a fascinating study in strategy. In general, the problem is whether the Grand Duke's communications are more secure than those of the Turks. The latter have now been severely handled in the neighborhood of Van, where their advance was becoming threatening, and General Yudenoff is striking southward from Erzincan towards Kharput and Diabekir. Such a blow, if it could be developed to the utmost, might cut off the Turks in Armenia and Persia completely. The recapture of Mush and the successful blow farther south have turned the tables on the Turks; and the next week or two will show whether they can evade the Grand Duke's trap.

THE new Secretary of War gave on Tuesday his first official view of the course of the war. His chief points were that the enemy had lost the "initiative" and we had gained it. On the other hand, he was still at the top of his strength in the numbers and equipment of the armies in the field (the reserves are a different matter), though this was not the case with his chief Ally. The main gains of the battles on the Somme he declared to be twofold—the relief of Verdun, and the prevention of relief for the Austrian armies, with the consequent Brussiloff victories. This was our special "contribution." But we still want more men, munitions, and equipment. Incidentally, Mr. George declined to pledge himself against the raising of the military age, and there is an ominous suggestion that it may be advanced to 45.

It is difficult to gauge the political effect in Greece of the Bulgarian advance in Macedonia. The Bulgarians have given explicit promises not to retain any of this territory, and Germany has backed their bond. But from Biglishta and Florina in the West to Seres in the East, it happens that all this occupied country is, or was, inhabited, outside its few towns, by Bulgarian peasants. Most of them remained after the Greek conquest, clinging to their lands in the hope of the next war and a Bulgarian *revanche*. The Greeks may well feel nervous, especially about Seres, which experienced in the Balkan wars (1) a Bulgar massacre of Turks, (2) a Greek massacre of Bulgars, and (3) the burning of the town by Bulgars. M. Venizelos, it is said, was expecting a triumph in the coming elections, but he now questions whether they can be held at all if part of Greek territory is under Bulgarian military occupation. One would have supposed that this humiliating situation would cause a fierce reaction against the King. He leapt into popularity only because he was hailed as a second "Slayer of the Bulgars," and his admirers used to call him Constantine XIII., as if he had already restored the Byzantine Empire. This sham glory is gone. On the other hand, the Greeks are a race subject to sudden accesses of prudence, and while the Bulgar occupation continues, they may incline to rally to the side which looks the stronger. When General

Sarrail moves, there will be a revulsion of feeling. Meanwhile, it seems that Colonel Christodoulos's defence of Seres has been much exaggerated, and it clearly represents a personal and local policy.

LORD ROBERT CECIL's speech for the Foreign Office on the adjournment debate was slight, and was notable only for an *obiter dictum* on the attempt to regulate warfare by international law. Speaking of the breakdown and abandonment of the Declaration of London, he doubted whether, in view of the continual changes in the circumstances of warfare, it ever would be possible to codify belligerent rights. That opens up, to our thinking, an intolerable prospect for neutrals, for it really means that in future every belligerent will make his own code—and change it when it suits him. His references to the Dutch fishery question and the American Black List ignored the strong feeling which our measures have caused even among the most friendly neutrals. Americans do not dispute our abstract right to forbid our own subjects to trade with American firms that have enemy associations. But since these firms cannot now trade with Germany, they demur to our description of this prohibition as a war measure. To quote the "New Republic," "With Germany and all the adjoining neutrals blockaded, America sees no sense in the measure."

ON this whole question of our relations with America, the candid article in the "New Republic" of July 29th ("America to Europe, August, 1916") deserves close attention. It reminds us that America was preparing to abandon her isolation, and had offered to join a European League of Peace. It reminds us how impotent the Moderates both in Britain and Germany must be when the moment for making peace arrives, unless each can point to an outsider strong enough to "give power to the Liberals in all countries, and make a just peace possible and durable." But it warns us that there has been in America a serious set-back to the propaganda for the abandonment of isolation due to the news from Europe. "American opinion can be won only by proof that Europe is dominated by Liberals. . . . Americans would take no responsibility for the peace of Europe if policy is to be dictated by men like Carson, Northcliffe, and Curzon."

THE "New Republic" goes on to enumerate in detail the developments which are alienating America—(1) "The proposal for a war after the war by means of tariffs, boycotts, and what not. If this is attempted it will drive us into isolation. If successful it will ultimately push us into the arms of Germany." (2) The muddle of Ireland, which has made Americans question the sincerity of our talk about small nationalities. (3) The activity of Japan and Russia in China; and (4) the publication of a black-list. It concludes with the warning that the realization of President Wilson's promise "hangs on the victory of Liberalism in Europe, and especially in England." This straight, friendly address comes, be it remembered, from the ablest of the American weeklies, which has backed its sympathy by advocating an American alliance with Great Britain. But America will not allow herself to be used to forward a European reaction. If we mean to go on with the Paris Resolutions, we must give up all hope of American participation in a League of Peace, and, of course, of the League itself.

IN the course of a discussion on the working of the Military Service Act on Tuesday, Commander Wedgwood

made an excellent suggestion, and we are glad to note that it was welcomed by Mr. Lloyd George. The suggestion was that a Committee of the House of Commons should be formed to watch the administration of the Act and to hear grievances. We believe that the mere existence of such a body would have an immediate and a most salutary effect. It is idle to deny that there are tribunals which are quite unfitted for the delicate task committed to them. The capital difficulty is that a large number of persons refuse to admit, as Parliament has admitted, the claims of conscience. It is obvious that if the Act were properly worked there would not be anybody suffering imprisonment for objection to military service. There might be persons suffering imprisonment for refusing, say, to accept employment on land reclamation, or some scheme of national development. But the Act is often worked in a perverse and stupid spirit. Two things are surely clear about Conscientious Objectors. One is that no extraneous tasks of discipline should be imposed on the Army. The business of the Army is fighting, and its efficiency for that purpose can only suffer if it is called on to punish Conscientious Objectors. The other is that in carrying out such a revolutionary principle as that of universal military service, every precaution should be taken to safeguard the scheme from the prejudices of individuals or tribunals. A House of Commons Committee might do excellent service in both these respects.

In the debate on the motion for adjournment, Mr. Churchill attacked the Government sharply for its failure to control prices, and demanded the commandeering of shipping. The most effective part of his speech was his complaint that the same kind of lethargy which had marked the Government's earlier conduct in the matter of munitions, was paralyzing its power to help the consumer. There is a large element of truth in this criticism. To take one instance. The Government appointed a Committee in June, 1915, to consider what steps should be taken to increase the production of food in England and Wales on the assumption that the war might be prolonged beyond the harvest of 1916. The Committee presented an interim report in the following month, and a final report in October. It made a number of important recommendations, and estimated that if they were adopted, the area cropped with wheat might be increased from two to three millions of acres by this year. What have the Government done to carry out these suggestions?

MEANWHILE, the consequences of a rise of 65 per cent. in prices have to be faced, and it is significant that the demand of the railwaymen has received a good deal of sympathy from unexpected quarters. The Prime Minister has assured the House of Commons that the case of Old Age Pensioners is under consideration. Unfortunately, wages are allowed to lag behind prices, even in cases when the Government or an official tribunal has power to act. The Women Workers' Federation calls attention to the recent decision of the Sugar, Confectionery, and Food Preserving Trade Board to raise wages by 9 per cent. to meet an increase of 45 per cent. in the cost of living. There are again the indefensible conditions sanctioned by the Ministry of Munitions in controlled establishments. Under the Order recently issued, it is actually possible for an employer to pay at a lower rate for piece work than for time work (4d., as against 4½d. an hour), no provision is made for extra payment for overtime, Sunday, or night work, or holiday allowances. Can anybody pretend that the demand of the Women

Workers' Federation for a minimum of 5d. an hour, proper allowances for overtime, and a rule that piece work should yield at least a third more than time work is unreasonable? That works out at 23s. 4d. a week for an eight-hours' day, or the equivalent of something under 14s. before the war.

MR. SAMUEL has been forced to suspend, if not to abandon, his policy of Siberia. There is to be no "compulsory repatriation" of Russian refugees—i.e., no sending them to gaol, exile, or death—till Parliament has met again and discussed the matter. If Parliament has any care for liberty none of them will ever be so sent. Meanwhile, there is to be a campaign of voluntary recruiting for the British Army, with a promise of free naturalization within three months. There is even a suggestion of a Jewish unit. We hope that the public will keep up steady pressure on Mr. Samuel till these pledges are fulfilled. He has given no man who believes in freedom any reason to trust him, for he does not seem even to understand what is implied in the abandonment of the Right of Asylum. We hope that by next October the lesson will have been taught him.

THE disclosures of the Public Accounts Committee in regard to the building of huts for the new armies confirm the criticisms that were passed on the policy of the War Office in these columns and elsewhere at the time. According to that Committee, certain eminent contractors offered to build for nothing, out of sheer patriotism, and then at a later stage, when it would have been difficult to make any new arrangements, turned round and demanded a profit which, in the opinion of experts to whom the matter was referred, was excessive. This version is challenged by the contractors, who assert that their offer was carried out, and that their demand for payment had reference to a perfectly different set of transactions. This discrepancy will presumably be cleared up. But whichever account is the correct one, it remains true that the country has had to pay more than it should have paid in the opinion of impartial experts, and also that in more cases than one camps were built on most unsuitable sites, with serious consequences to the health and comfort of the new armies. It is clear that the whole business should have been put in the hands of a civilian department, which would have known better than to accept such an offer.

MR. HUGHES has lost no time after his arrival in Australia in promoting for his own people the conscription which he first helped to fasten on us. Australia has had compulsory training for several years, but no one in the Commonwealth had dreamed until the other day of compulsion for any purpose save home defence—the defence, that is to say, of Australia from invasion—commonly visualized as some phase of the "yellow peril." To advocate conscription for such adventures as Mesopotamia and the Dardanelles has evidently startled the democracy, patriotic and warlike though it is. Mr. Hughes's first task is to convert his own party, and as we go to press, he is still wrestling with its Conference. From the threat ascribed to him in telegrams, that if his own party decides against him, he will go on with the aid of the middle-class parties, we should judge that Labor is indisposed to follow him, though it may in the end prove as docile, after an academic protest, as our own trade unionist movement.

Politics and Affairs.

THE POWER OF PUBLIC OPINION.

THE Government and the country are just now subject to a new, or a newly exercised, political force. The war seemed likely to destroy democracy, and temporarily at least it has put Liberalism out of action. But as there is no loss without gain, so our society has shown itself susceptible to a process of repair. Weak things have become strong, old things have grown young again. Take Parliament. Nominally it is "up," but it is a fact of significance that out of session, it will still, in a measure, be in session. A Parliamentary Committee will, we imagine, soon be occupied in fashioning a new Representation of the People Bill. Two other Committees, originating in Parliament, and much influenced by its will and judgment, will investigate the two great military failures of the war. Nor are other signs wanting of a general revival of democracy, which in the first year of the war seemed destined to suffer a serious eclipse. A courageous member of the House of Commons has brought the question of war pensions to revision. A less informed but still a vigorous and original criticism of the aircraft service has induced large reforms. Inquiries abound. The cost of the people's coal has been searched into by one body, the prices of the people's food by another. The Government sways to the pressure on this side or that. A breath of Parliamentary disapproval has been enough to shake down the idea of a "film" of the Cabinet in its room. Power is constantly being re-distributed. We have not as yet a Committee of Foreign Affairs, but some at least of the secrets of the War Office are now regularly, if informally, shared by private members of the House of Commons. As for the trade unions, they have become a recognized State power, plenipotentiaries of their order, signatories of treaties, binding unionists and non-unionists alike. Even the government of Ireland is subject to the quick reactions of our Parliamentary and public life, and the Conscientious Objector, the most unpopular object on the horizon, is shielded from the uncovenanted mercies of the sergeant-major. The Ministry, having no fixed Parliamentary following or extra-Parliamentary organization behind it, bows to the peremptory word or gesture. We can almost compare this electrical feeling with that which dominated the French Revolution. A mob of quickly improvised public opinion swarms up to the doors of the Cabinet. Its ready access is perhaps due to the fact that there is a mob within the Cabinet as well as without. But the reality of this mass of compelling emotion, with its formidable and ever-swelling list of imperatives, is undoubted. "Decreed!" "Decreed!" cry the benches of the Mountain or the Plain. We have never thought government by Coalition a powerful expedient, and in the sphere of administration it has been greatly abused. But it is, we imagine, so infused with government by Conference, government by Parliamentary Resolution, government by newspaper suggestion, as largely to constitute a covering for the workings of a highly informal democracy. The Administration which began by reducing Parliament to nothingness seems likely to end by making it busier than it has been for years. The Coalition finds that it cannot govern alone.

The nation, therefore, would seem to be acquiring fresh freedom in the hour of its subjection to forms of

compulsion hitherto unknown to it. But there is another side to the picture. We, and the belligerent nations, are bound to a force which mocks the attempts even of the most energetic peoples to surmount it. We are convinced that profound modifications of the structure of political society are at hand. But it is society itself, in its essential well-being, which is in danger. "Reconstruct" as we may, it is the foundations of living that are being broken down. Man, who has never aimed so high, has sunk so low that his present unequalled activity of soul can, in the main, yield him only new facilities of self-destruction. This is the terrible paradox of our times, discerned by the thinker who, for all his excesses of doctrine, most truthfully presented the impending peril of universal war. The main reason of this contradiction is clear. The State mind, and therefore the State organization, have lagged behind individual and social progress in morals and order. And the inter-State mind and its corresponding body are only beginning to be created. Of this truth Germany herself, the arch-enemy of the world's peace, is the best example. If there is one truth of social life which she has applied better than another, it is that of co-operation in industry and agriculture. And yet with this immense fabric of helpfulness in being, she must needs construct another for tearing it asunder. But under the reign of Imperialism all the nations are involved in the same contradiction. Their science, their industry, are nothing more than the expression of their desire to have life more abundantly. Yet they have never thought it necessary to assure themselves against the loss by war of all these accumulating stores of enrichment. Germany, again, to her discredit, did her best to nullify the small beginnings of international security of which the Hague Conventions were the pledges. But the more general truth is that the business of statesmanship has so declined to that of party management that the class from which the rulers of the world are now drawn have proved inadequate, in intellect and character, to this great work of social preservation to which they were essentially called. The statesmen are "politicals," and they are little more. The charge against them is not merely that they failed to foresee the ruin that was coming. It is that they permitted and fostered the means of destruction. They were neither morally nor intellectually awake to the fact that the house which was being added to from above was also being undermined from below. They did not know enough, and they did not care enough. Inferior to the thinkers, critics, prophets, and workers of their time, they have now made the shipwreck that their bad seamanship invited.

It is, therefore, a good sign that the Parliaments and the peoples, from Petrograd to London, are already preparing to take this business of life-insurance out of the hands of the purely "political" class. This is the true "intervention" which is at hand. It will not be a rapid one, for the free expression of thought, which is the mother of political progress, is restrained. Few men are saying or writing what they think. Even if they did, they could come to no dramatic conclusions. To some extent events are out of popular control, though they are by no means within the control of the statesmen. The two great military forces are at grips; the Allies hold the Germans, and, in a more restricted sense, the Germans hold us. But the world is visibly approaching a practical point of the struggle. If Germany does not yet acknowledge that none of her aggressive projects—extension in Central Europe with a "corridor" to the East, extension in Western Europe by way of the Belgian coast, extension in Africa—are realizable by

armed force, she cannot much longer survey her blockaded ports and besieged land-lines without coming to that conclusion. According to Herr Naumann, the people of Germany, many of whom did not want this aggression, are beginning to mistrust the men who still make it the object of the war. "Those people at the top," they say, "need the war, and that is why we have to endure it." But Herr Naumann thinks that they are increasingly indisposed to endure its miseries for any form of conquest whatever. We have always thought that such an awakening as this must come from Germany, for she was the heresiarch of our misguided European world. But when it comes in some recognizable form, we too will witness a change of public opinion about the war. The time will then have come to plan re-settlement; for if it be true, as it is true, that no dynastic aims and no great territorial ambitions are at stake in the war, the peoples engaged in it will begin to remember that their existence is at stake, and that a path has been opened assuring it for the future.

And here we shall have to reckon with the "statesmen"; "with those people at the top." We do not know what they are thinking. We do not even know whether they are thinking at all. Most of their speeches suggest that they are merely following the mechanical developments of the campaigns—very important in their way—but that the moral significance of a world-war fought on the principle of universal service has escaped them. We shall have one kind of political aiming at a peace of annexations, small or large. We shall have another aiming at an economic and political government of Europe, and therefore to a large degree of the world, through the Entente. Already we have proposals in the name of "security" (which is the true aim) either for obliterating the Central Empires, or giving the world a few years' precarious peace, by shearing them of the possessions—their fleets or their frontiers—that seem most dangerous. The objection to these visions is not that they are too large or too small, but that they are irrelevant. *None* of the nations will perish if they lack this bit of territory or this scrap of power. *All* the nations must perish unless they devise a means of living together under a form of law approaching at least the degree of security they obtain under national law. Is this elementary? It is the elementary fact which is ignored, even when it stands out from all the rest. And because it is ignored, because no expression is given by the statesmen either to the moral ideas of men, or to their helpless cry for relief from their present sufferings, an atmosphere of real gloom shuts in the vast panorama of the war. Give society hope, and it will outlast worse horrors than it is enduring, and even be the stronger for them. Base it upon hatred, and build on that idea a wall of economic barriers, and hope will not come. If the peace merely stamps into Europe the State system which brought about the war, with some modifications in favor of this belligerent or that, the feeling of security will not revive. And therefore credit will not revive, industry will not revive, the healing social forces will not revive. Europe will sink again beneath the rule of Fear under which she entered upon the war; and her dead will have died in vain.

THE TANGLE OF THE FRANCHISE.

THE discussions of the past fortnight have served to unroll before us the practical and constitutional perplexities which surround the question of the franchise.

They are numerous, and they are inextricably interwoven. For the moment we are drifting along, facing only the urgent problem as it arises, and leaving the rest to chance and the future. For that hand-to-mouth attitude there are good excuses in war-time. The Government has other things to attend to: the nation is not and cannot be in its normal condition: it is reasonable to postpone large questions of reconstruction until the mobilized electorate returns to its home, and until a completed settlement allows us to judge what kind of future lies before us. This is sober reasoning; but, unluckily, we cannot avoid taking some decisions, and any decision, however limited, in this complex business, leads us on to the larger issues at stake. The momentary questions in the foreground seem comparatively simple, but even these on a closer view commit us to momentous decisions that affect the future. It seems, for example, an obviously just and almost non-contentious thing to take steps to safeguard the votes of soldiers and war-workers. But when you have done that on the small scale proposed in the Government's Bill, you instantly raise the much more difficult question of how these men are going to vote. To tell a soldier in camp at Aldershot, or a munition worker transferred from London to Glasgow, that he had not lost his vote, would be an irritating mockery unless you enabled him to vote. We clearly cannot have a sudden displacement of hundreds of thousands of men from camp and factory, in order to allow them to record their suffrages in their own constituency. The next step is to legalize voting by post on something like the Canadian plan. When you have done that, you are almost inevitably committed to the next step. If you enable soldiers in training, on leave or on home service, to vote, it would seem grossly unfair that you should ignore the claims of those who are bearing the heavier burdens abroad. So we reach Lord Salisbury's proposal to set up ballot-boxes in Mesopotamia. It may be feasible, in spite of the military opposition to it, but it is not easy. By all these steps, which involve the expenditure of some time by Parliament, and of time and money in the country for the preparation of a register, you have made a comparatively early election easy and therefore probable. You began by saying that it was anomalous that we should be unable to take an election during the war should the necessity arise. That sounds like uncontentious common-sense. It turns out that to make an election possible requires a great deal of trouble. We are not going to take all this trouble for nothing. If all this chain of necessary preparations is made, practical people will want to see some result. The election in short will be held, and that before the war is over.

There now begins another set of perplexities, which involve the most serious question of principle. Let us assume that as a result of these elaborate emergency measures, some of them costly, some of them difficult, and some of them sharp departures from tradition, you enable an election to be taken, and take it in the spring or early summer. Your Parliament will have been elected not on peace issues but on war issues. It will have been chosen under the worst possible conditions. No parties exist: no party labels have any meaning. It may be possible, though it will be difficult, for some at least of the soldiers abroad to vote, but there can be no "contest," no free discussion, no public meetings. A candidate cannot visit his voters scattered from the Orkneys to Mesopotamia. The voter will lack the usual material to frame a judgment, and he will be removed from the usual influences which help to make his judgment for him. By common consent a Parliament so elected could not sit for very long, and the term

new fixed (by the House of Lords!) is two years. In those two years the fate of this country and perhaps of Europe must be settled for a generation to come. This Parliament, if it did not directly shape the terms of peace and decide the duration of the war, would certainly influence them. It would determine broadly whether we are to base the peace on hatred and physical force, or to lay the foundations of a new European order. It would have to give the first fateful decision on the moral and economic issues involved in the idea of "the war after the war." It would have to decide whether conscription is to be a permanent institution, for the automatic enlistment of boys as they attain the age of eighteen must either be ended or continued. Finally, it would have to watch over at least the earlier stages of the work of industrial reconstruction, the provisions for unemployment, and, above all, the measures which must safeguard the interests both of the returning soldiers and of the women who are filling their places. This Parliament might promise to dissolve within two years, but in that short time it would have the power to make or mar, not only our international, but our social and industrial future. To perceive this is to take the next inevitable step. From the electorate which chooses this Parliament women cannot be excluded, save on frank anti-suffragist grounds. We cannot take elaborate steps to collect the vote of the male Red Cross workers, and ignore the claims of the nurses. We cannot go out of our way to invite the opinion of the foreman in the munition factory and pass over the women who work beside him. We cannot settle conscription without consulting the mothers; we cannot decide for or against the new Protection without the voice of women, who are in our social economy as typically the consumers as men are the producers. Above all, as Mr. Asquith has himself urged, we cannot even begin to shape our measures of industrial re-settlement without giving to the women whose interests are at stake, the protection of the vote. If it is so important to obtain a really representative interim Parliament that we are prepared for the innovation of enabling soldiers and sailors on foreign service to vote, then clearly those who believe in the citizenship of women must insist with equal emphasis on their imperative claims.

At this point, we are met with the objection that the present Parliament is incompetent to deal with the general question of the franchise, and in particular with the case of women. That familiar obstacle is invariably raised whenever a Parliament has got beyond the two or three main items in the electoral programme of the party in power. In this instance it is absurdly inapplicable. Women have pressed their claims, intervened in contests, and drawn pledges from candidates in election after election for many a long year. The last election was held after the first successful introduction of the Conciliation Bill, and under a promise from the Prime Minister that full facilities for its passage would be given in the present Parliament. On its second introduction in the new House it secured a still larger majority, and the immediate consequence of this success was Mr. Asquith's promise of a Reform Bill, which should be open to amendment in the interests of women. Only the unforeseen obstacle of the Speaker's ruling prevented the carrying out of this programme. Not only is this House competent to settle this question; it was elected under a promise that it should be enabled to settle it. The same House is sitting still, and we do not see by what magic the lapse of time and the outbreak of war can be held to have affected its competence or destroyed its obligations. If the House was competent

to add a larger or smaller number of women voters to the Reform Bill of 1912, which virtually established manhood suffrage, it is competent to set up adult suffrage to-day. We fail to see how an interim War-Parliament would be better qualified. If the electors have to decide at the polls on the conduct of the war or the policy of the settlement, it will be no easier than before, but rather harder, to isolate the suffrage issue. This argument of the mandate is really a plea for indefinite postponement, and we shall wait for ever, if we must wait until there is no other issue but the suffrage for the electors to decide.

The moral from all these perplexities is, to our thinking, that the advance to full adult suffrage cannot be avoided, and should not be delayed. The case for it is as clear from the men's standpoint as from the women's. The more it is realized that all the soldiers must vote, the clearer it is that we ought not to rely on the chance that most soldiers will be able to make out some kind of claim to be technically lodgers or occupiers. If they can, it will only be because party agents will not care to oppose any claimant in khaki. Even in these exceptional conditions there will be hundreds of thousands who will not figure on any register, however lax. A conference will help to clear up some of the many tangles, and to draft the outlines of a Reform Bill, but only if it is firmly led by a strong and sympathetic chairman. There are really two distinct questions which must be answered, and only the House of Commons can answer them. The first of them is whether any war-time election is desirable; or, in other words, whether the present Parliament should sit until peace is concluded, and the soldiers are civilians once more. The second of them is whether it is prepared to enfranchise women. This second question must be faced in either event, for whenever it is held, women cannot, without grave injustice, be excluded from the next election. A conference cannot settle these questions: it can only propose ways of settling them. We incline to think that the answer of the House, especially to the second question, can best be given in the form of a vote on resolutions laid before it. For our part, we see grave objections to any general election in war-time. It would be meaningless, unless the two leading parties opposed each other. A sham opposition cannot be improvised merely in order to make a lively election, and the grounds for a real opposition are not apparent. The old lines of division are blotted out, and the new lines which must one day be drawn are not yet clear. It is probable that the present House, without parties, but with perceptible shades of opinion, is more nearly representative of the sober permanent mind of the nation than any Parliament chosen by a scattered nation in the excitement of war-time could be. It must carry on, avoiding, as far as it can, decisions which must commit us for the future. The one exception to that rule is that it must prepare the electorate which shall take these decisions. That act of legislation it cannot avoid.

THE CALCULUS OF WASTAGE.

LITTLE by little it is now becoming generally appreciated that victory will turn upon the man power of Germany, *plus*, of course, her brain power. For a long time the enemy system of entrenchment held popular attention, and the tendency grew to measure the problem of victory as though it were comparable with the estimation of the tensile strength of steel. Now that an elaborate system of trench defences has been decisively breached in the

East and visibly dented in the West, it is realized that entrenchments, *as such*, are no sure defence, and that material, *as such*, will not sweep them away. It is obvious that war to-day is as much a question of men as it was when the world first attempted to settle racial differences of opinion in so irrational a manner.

It is a considerable gain to have reduced the problem to reality even in this one respect; but with the recognition that the question is one of soldiers, two opinions have emerged that call for examination. The first holds that since the number of the enemy killed each year of the war is possibly not equal to his annual recruitment, the struggle will drag on indefinitely. The second tends to regard the German and Austrian resources as practically exhausted, since their strategic reserve is used up. The former looks on the struggle as interminable; the latter almost resents the continuance as an anti-climax. Each of these standpoints is untenable; but while the first is the more foolish, the second is the more dangerous. Let us examine them.

If battles were fought by all the soldiers who are merely alive, one wonders what the large hospital population means. The fact is far otherwise. War might drag on for an interminable space if generals could put into the line all but the dead. But for every man dead, the statistics of the war show there are three or four wounded, and probably one is missing. This at once multiplies the number of dead by five; and although perhaps three-fifths of the wounded return, they filter back into the firing line in anything from one to six months. From two and a-half to three times the number of the dead must be counted off the strength for the period of the war, and the remainder form the floating hospital population. But this does not include all who must be counted out of the battle at any given moment. In other wars it was generally calculated that the number of sick at a given moment was equal to the wounded in hospital; and though sickness has been greatly reduced nowadays, the greater strain tends to equalize the numbers by introducing the new question of nerves. Since crises which decide campaigns are frequently over in a few hours, the only wastage that really matters is that which involves the number out of the fight at any given moment, whether the cause should be a mortal wound or merely lameness from tight boots.

On the other hand, it is true to say that the Germans have actually in the fighting line a greater number of divisions than ever before. They have thrown in all; and that is what is meant by the statement that they have now no strategic reserve. Hindenburg is reported to have described the German position some months ago as "brilliant, but without prospects," and hardly any generalization could so aptly sum up the situation to-day. But the Prussian Field-Marshal was regarding the situation as a soldier, bearing in mind the shrinkage of the strategic reserve and the normal wastage. We must not fall into the error of thinking that Germany is anywhere near the end of her powers of resistance. Every year some 500,000 recruits flock to the colors, and all the time there is flowing back to the firing line a stream of recovered wounded. Furthermore, there is a large number of men whom Germany can withdraw from industry by impressing prisoners or the inhabitants of occupied territory into the ranks of labor. She may even force such people to serve. In these numbers we have so large a limit of error that it has never seemed reasonable to us to do more than suggest the trend of wastage, or give calculations as to remaining reserves with reservation. Accurate mathematical calculus is useless in the face of such poor material. Yet there are certain principles that guide us to a conclusion. The

yearly recruitment can only be taken *en bloc* once a year. Actually it may stream in irregularly; and it is, of course, only available for service after training. Returned convalescents, the youngest recruits, and the poorer physical material that has been called up now for over a year, must yield a greater number of sick at any given moment, just as they provide poorer soldiers while in the line. Further, we know that part of the 1917 class has already been used up, and the 1918 class are only beginning their period of training. Add to these a number to be drawn from places that may be filled by prisoners, and we may get two millions. For Austria we can hardly see how to reckon more than a third of this number. There is little of the 1918 class left, and still less of the 1917; but there are the recovered sick and wounded.

Out of these numbers which represent the reservoir from which necessary drafts must be drawn, we must find replacements for the wastage on the present abnormal scale. Take the *minimum* wastage for the last two months, for instance. Germany and Austria must have lost 800,000. If that can be kept up, a simple calculation points to an inevitable *débâcle* about six months hence. Yet every assumption that is simple in war is almost certainly incorrect. The problem is complicated by the number of factors involved. We cannot be sure that the pressure will be kept up. But the probabilities are that it will increase. And we know that so far the Russian material is not severely touched. There is still a vast supply of excellent men. We know that great as our losses may have been, we have still a great army of reserves. And, finally, we know that, whereas the cardinal principle of German war theory is the offensive, the enemy is everywhere on the defensive. We may say even more than this. He is giving ground on all the main fronts, which is opposed to another cherished principle that the territory occupied, being stably occupied, is proof that he has been victorious. He has not won, and he knows it. But let us not be in error that the struggle will probably drag on for a long time, and is bound to grow in violence before the end.

INDUSTRIAL RECONSTRUCTION.—I.

THE Tower of Babel was man's first great architectural experiment, but it is doubtful whether it occasioned so great a confusion of tongues as that which is now dinning upon our ears. The rebuilding of a world is a fascinating enterprise, and everyone is anxious to play his part in the reconstruction which will come at the end of the present war.

Assuredly, there has seldom been so great a medley of rival prophecies; and, no less surely, there are false prophets abroad. But it is all to the good that we are beginning to plan before we have to build, and that the prophets are "getting it off their chest" in good time. Our failure to deal adequately with the industrial situation at the outbreak of war was the result of unpreparedness. There was no time for the discussion of rival schemes, or for selection and fusion of the many proposals put forward. The Government had to decide off-hand, and there are few bold enough to say that it decided well.

To-day, with the end of the war not yet in sight, we are already beginning to discuss policies of restoration. The purpose of this article is to give a rapid survey of some of the chief types of solution that are being proposed; it will be followed by other articles in which the various aspects of the problem will be discussed, and possible ways of dealing with it suggested.

The central feature of the problem, it is generally recognized, is the coming redemption of the pledges given to Labor during the war. To the principle that these pledges must be redeemed, lip service at the least is paid by all who prophesy openly. But with this lip service too often go practical suggestions which are equivalent to a refusal of restitution. "We must, of course, restore; but we must not do so and so," is a common formula in the writings of some of the most influential prophets. Labor, we are told, must receive back as much as it has sacrificed; but, apparently, it must not have back just those things which cost it the greatest wrench to give up. And, if it is offered a *quid pro quo*, instead of the *quo* of trade union rights, there is too often held out to it the unpalatable *quid* of Tariff Reform.

These articles are written on the assumption that a real restoration must take place; that trade unionism must be restored at least to the position and the freedom which it had before the war; and that, if there is to be bargaining about restoration, it must be about the form and manner of restoring trade union rights, and not about the question whether trade union rights shall be restored.

Let us begin by setting out briefly the substance of the pledges which Labor has received. They are incorporated in the voluntary agreements entered into by the trade unions with the Government in March, 1915; they have taken statutory form in the Munitions of War Acts; and they have been reinforced, time and again, by the personal pledges of Ministers and the collective guarantee of the Cabinet. In form, they are simple and comprehensive. "Any departure during the war from the practice ruling in the workshops, shipyards, and other industries prior to the war shall be only for the period of the war." In one form or another, this general promise has been amplified and explained in subsequent utterances of the leading Ministers, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. Balfour among them. The Munitions Acts not only have statutory force; but have also behind them the collective promise of the Cabinet that they will be observed in the spirit as well as in the letter. "We have sat hard on the workers during the war; we must sit no less hard on the employers when it is over," a prominent Government official is reported to have said.

There is, then, no ambiguity about the general terms of the guarantee. The letter of it means, if it means anything, that every trade union rule, regulation, or custom which has been varied as a result of the war, will be absolutely and completely reinstated when the war is over. To this the Government is bound by promise, and, if it cannot give the trade unions precisely *this* in every case, it must at least in no case give them *less than this*.

The generality of this guarantee is at once its strength and its weakness. It lends the fullest moral force to any demand for restoration which the trade unions may make; but it does nothing to settle the many difficulties of detail which are bound to arise in giving effect to it. The nature of the demand for munitions and the removal of trade union restrictions have in many ways changed the face of industry, and in some cases made a return to pre-war conditions impossible. The attempt is sometimes made so to exaggerate the number of these cases as to suggest that the Government pledge is generally unworkable. This, as we shall see in succeeding articles, is far from being the case. Restoration is, on the whole, a perfectly workable policy, and, wherever restoration is possible, it is the Government's duty to restore. The area over which exact restoration

is impossible, and in which bargaining must take its place, is comparatively narrow, but, as will appear, highly important.

Too many of our industrial prophets speak as if an entirely new bargain had to be struck between employers and employed after the war. There is a sense in which a new bargain must be struck; but it will be a bargain, not between two parties who start "quits," but between debtor and creditor. A bargain was struck in the Treasury Agreement of March, 1915, between the Government and the employers on the one hand, and the trade unions on the other. Out of that bargain, the Government and the employers have received their due; but the trade unions have still to receive theirs. They let their holding to the Government for the period of the war rent-free; and they are fully entitled to the reversion when the war is over.

Thus, when we are told that the guarantees given to Labor must be observed in the spirit as well as in the letter, it is well that we should be on our guard. The spirit notoriously bloweth where it listeth, and there are not a few who would like the spirit to blow the letter away altogether. We are not saying that absolute literal restoration is possible in all cases; but we are saying that we must be very careful how we depart from the letter of the promises that have been made.

In taking up this position, we are not unmindful of the need for securing the fullest possible industrial efficiency after the war. But, as THE NATION has urged throughout the war, there are two rival gospels of efficiency. There is a theory of industrial management which refuses to consider the worker as a human being with a will and desires of his own, powerful for good or evil, according to the direction which they take. The machine-made efficiency of the industrial bureaucrats may look very well on paper; it may be garnished with many a graph and many a statistical table of output; it may carry complete conviction to those who know nothing either of men or of industrial conditions. But precisely what the "scientific managers" ignore is the humanity of the working-class. They believe that working-class ideals begin and end with higher wages, with the securing of a slightly better standard of material comfort. They do not realize that the foundation of inefficiency in industry lies in the divorce of the mass of the workers from power and responsibility, and that the way to efficiency lies through the diffusing of these things among the workers. Trade unionism has been in the past the workman's sole means of self-expression, and he has expressed himself by means of these safeguards which the war has for the moment swept away. No doubt, the safeguards which he has provided have been sometimes clumsy or unwise; but they are *his* safeguards—the best which he has been able to secure in face of the constant opposition of vested interests. The way to get better organization and greater efficiency is to strengthen these safeguards, and anything which tends to hamper trade unionism will make in the long run for useless friction and for inefficiency in production. The nation must see to it that trade union rules are restored, if it does so only in the interests of the national industry.

We have dealt in general with the terms of the Government's guarantees to Labor; but we have not referred as yet to what amounts to the clearest guarantee of all. During the war, the right of the trade unions to speak for the working-class has for the first time received clear official recognition. They have been summoned to special conferences, and asked to negotiate with the representatives of the Government; they have secured representation upon Government committees and tribunals, and, in the words of a leading politician,

negotiating with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has been "like holding diplomatic conversations with a foreign Power." It is true that in every case the object of the Government has been to make the trade unions forego rights and safeguards which they hold dear; but the precedent so set cannot be gone back upon. For good or ill, the Government has recognized trade unionism as an independent authority, and trade unionism will never lose the new position which it has acquired.

It may be said that so far we have been speaking almost as if the readjustment after the war were purely a question between the trade unions and the Government, and one in which the employers would have no say. In fact, they are, of course, bound to have, if not the greatest say of all, at least a very great influence on the course of events. It is sometimes argued that the employers have given no promise of restitution, that the pledges given by the Government have no moral obligation for the employer, who has only yielded to the *force majeure* of an Act of Parliament. Though this argument is sometimes seriously advanced, it hardly deserves an answer. The employers made no protest at the time; moreover, they have taken advantage of the abrogation of trade union safeguards, and they are morally bound to give back what they have received. The Munitions Acts made the trade unions no longer free agents, and, to a certain extent, tied the hands of the employers also. When the war is over, both alike are morally bound to co-operate in the task of restoration.

If, in this article, restoration has been spoken of in broad and simple terms, it is not because the inherent difficulties of the situation are not realized, but because it is important at the outset to define the general issue as clearly as may be. If we are to discuss profitably the methods of restoration, we must attach an absolutely definite meaning to the term, and we must be fully conscious of the obligation which rests upon all the parties concerned. With that firmly fixed in our minds, we can go on to discuss readjustments which may be beneficial to both parties, whether they involve the permanent abolition of restrictions previously imposed by a trade union or the breaking down of barriers previously imposed by an employer. We are apt to speak as if trade unions alone restricted output, or hindered the full development of our national resources. But, when once we come to examine the question, we find that many of the traditional practices of employers act as drags upon the wheels of industry. If, then, having restored trade union rights, we seek a better adjustment of industrial relations, we shall find many things which both sides can well afford to give up. But, if in such cases there is to be a reasonable exchange, trade unionism must first be assured a complete restitution. On this basis alone can there be a fair deal.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE whole Parliamentary encounter strikes one as inconclusive. The Government may go or stay, fight an election, or shun an election. It is more likely to avoid the greater catastrophes, and renew bits of its skin instead of shedding it altogether. Or, let us say, that it has the low vitality of the diatom, and flourishes on that kind of constitution. It includes individuals of singularly gracious temperaments, and the reverse. Thus both parties are alternately repelled from, or attracted

to it, as well as intrigued by the business of managing it and deflecting its course this way or that. Thus the Liberals see that Mr. McKenna and Mr. Runciman fairly maintain their point of view, and that others, like Mr. Samuel, who outrage it, can be bullied into a moderate acquiescence in it. There are Conservatives, again, who sincerely admire Lord Robert Cecil, while they are cool to Mr. Law. No single power or reputation challenges it. Mr. Churchill has not got back nor Sir Edward Carson got through, though the latter has his following, which rather grows.

THE one revelation of unusual intellectual force has been that of Sir John Simon. Its chief feat was the sudden coalition of the women and soldier suffragists. This, which was essentially Sir John's work, at once destroyed the Government's Bill, and made a great stroke of democratic policy possible. The job was done with great skill, based on a combined appeal to principle and opportunity. Thus a quick penetrative mind showed that it could work even in the unpromising soil which Sir John's fight against conscription left open to him. He becomes a visible leader of forces which, if Liberalism revives in any form, may yet hold the future. His difficulty is a certain coldness of mental approach, and his absorption in his immense practice at the bar. Well, therefore, may some of his friends ask whether statesmanship at such an hour (and with what mighty powers for good or evil!) ought not to be business enough for the most exacting worker. I should say his is the most penetrative mind now engaged in politics. Let us hope it will also be a dominant one.

I WONDER what would have happened three years ago if the House of Lords had, by an amendment, ruled out of order in the "Lower House," decreed that the life of a possible House of Commons of the future should be limited to two years. Then it was the chief concern of the Commons to put a limit to the power of the Lords; now it is the rôle of the Lords to curtail the powers of the Commons. But, indeed, most functions of the Constitution have been deranged in the course of the war. The Commons themselves have no constituencies worth speaking of. Many of the powers they used to have they have lost or given away. The powers they assume are snatched from a Government they never dreamed of putting in power. That Government, which on a formal vote might command a majority of ten to one, trembles at a breath of anger, and even admits a censorship of its taste. It abolishes Habeas Corpus, and dares not even frame a Franchise Bill. It never submits an intelligible estimate, and gets money by the thousand million; and yet must have its war policy and dispositions overhauled by Committee after Committee. What is the really living power in the State? Who governs us? Who and what will survive the Great Upheaval?

IN the thrilling matter of the Cabinet film, indignation seems to me to have been a little overdone. After all, Cabinet Ministers are men, and if an enterprising firm assesses their entertainment value at £100,000 (to be devoted to war charities) the most shrinking modesty might succumb. No novelty was proposed, and none of the true arcana were to be revealed. The Cabinet was not to sit, and still less was there to be a revelation of the close bonds of spiritual affection which notoriously unite its members. The Cabinet of the United States, with the President, have been photographed over and over again, and most of the great war conferences have been immortalized by pictures, the conspicuous feature of which was the evident rivalry of the statesmen to catch

the eye of the recording angel at the moment when their faces bore the most visible stamp of genius. An actual sitting and working Cabinet—with the Prime Minister facing the Lord Chancellor, and the newest comer acting as doorkeeper to his elders—might have been in the nature of a violation of the mysteries. Even then, the nation might have been heartened by the vision of Mr. Long thinking and Mr. Samuel daring all for freedom.

If one recurs to the question of American feeling about the war, it is because its importance is unduly discounted here. There is an American sentiment which is just as strong for the Allies as it ever was. There is a story of Mr. Roosevelt which illustrates both its power and its direction. Some time ago Mr. Roosevelt received a visit from a German military person, who entreated him not to forget the gracious hospitality he had received from the Kaiser at Potsdam. "I have not forgotten it," was the reply, "nor the equally gracious hospitality of the King of the Belgians at Brussels." Not less significant was the reception of Mr. Hughes's declaration that if America had had a strong policy, the "Lusitania" would not have been sunk, and American sea-rights would not have been infringed. The first sentiment was received with a storm of cheering; the second in silence. Nevertheless, American opinion, in its later expressions, has let it be seen very clearly that it draws a sharp distinction between the England of Gladstone and an England that might look more like an England of Castlereagh, or (horrible thought!) might even come to resemble an England of Mr. Hughes. For the latter it will do nothing; the former has the moral force of the Continent at its disposal. In a word, America has begun to fear, lest in an effort to break down the German will, the will with which we began the war should be weakened, or even debased, and the moral lines of the conflict become faint or even obliterated. This is the danger. I propose next week to publish some striking evidences of it.

How long will the war last? "Two years more," said a powerful Minister the other day.

I SAW some of the war films the other night. They are very wonderful and very terrible, though the most shocking scenes were not recorded. I note two or three flying impressions. Women wept when the wounded came in, German and English together, often leaning on each others' arms. The German types seemed much lower, less human, than our men; and many of their faces were distorted by fear. The joy of fighting was visible in thousands of faces, even in that pit of death. The audience were not a little solemnized.

I SUPPOSE this generation may be forgiven for asking whether women ought to have leave to preach, for it knew not Mrs. Booth. Who ever preached like her? No man that I ever heard. Who that listened to it could forget that thrilling voice? Nothing melodramatic was there; but the drama of the soul could hardly have been more spiritually presented. This was art, I imagine, for the atmosphere of her preaching was calm and reasonable. But all seemed to flow from hidden and profound depths of experience. I was wrong. I do remember one such man-preacher, and once I heard him tell the story of himself. It was not at all like Mrs. Booth. She was a saint, and he was certainly a sinner.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

GLIMPSES OF WAR.

To many calm and elevated minds, war is a calculation of forces in movement, a study of dynamic problems, abstract as a game of chess, with army-corps for militant bishops and armies for the queens. They work on large-scale maps, marking the position of the contending forces with little colored flags attached to pins, and counting it an event if they advance one pin to the hole vacated by another. With geometric confidence, they draw diagrams in lines representing two-hundred-thousand men, and illustrate the movement of "offensives" by barbed arrows pointing in the required direction. Here is Hindenburg; here is Letchitsky; there is Foch. Here we relieve the pressure on Verdun; there Bulgaria attempts to save Austria from the enclosing grip. It is the most enviable way of regarding war. Necessarily it is the way of all supreme generals; for their part lies in devising strategy by the calculation of forces under conditions of time and space. But it is also, as we said, the way of many calm and elevated personalities, such as Kings, Emperors, Ambassadors, Diplomats, Foreign Secretaries, and Ministers of War. They are enviable because, unless they could regard with elevated abstraction the wars which their patriotic diplomacy had engendered, they might find it hard to continue such devoted services to their peoples undisturbed in mind.

But for the multitudes who do not hold these high and responsible positions and yet, for one reason or another, are compelled to remain equally distant from the fighting fronts, it may sometimes be well to remember that, however eagerly they may contemplate big maps displayed in shop windows, the scene of war is not in the least like a map, and the advance of men is different from the shifting of pins or the diagrams of lines and arrows. In strategy, as in religion, everyone is apt to take the symbol for the reality, and in the case of war the difficulty of realizing truth is increased by numbers and, for British people, happily, by distance. A murder in the next street stirs more emotion than the daily report of a thousand violent deaths upon the Somme. We understand the pretty little flags and barbed arrows on a map, but imagination is too weak to grasp the meaning of those closely printed casualty lists in microscopic type, and unless our personal affections are concerned, we quietly turn the page to the column of news or expert opinion, though each line of microscopic type may represent two events equal in tragedy to a murder in the next street.

Only of late years has photography, especially as extended by the cinema, come to the assistance of imagination. Except as studies of uniforms and arms, the old battle-pictures go for nothing. Those prancing generals, belching cannons, embattled squares, and gleaming exploits represent nothing earthly, but only the artist's mind—usually a mind of sentimental commonplace. The present writer has seen many pictures of fighting at which he was present, and never one which he could have identified without the programme or printed title. But except for "fakes," which are easily detected, the cinema within its narrow scope shows for the first time scenes which have actually happened during a war from one moment to the next, and sometimes the moments run to sixty or a hundred. There is the thing itself; that is what the men really did; that is how they lived and moved for a few seconds in the fighting; that was the look on their faces as they went to death; there is the cigarette still smoking.

What would we not give for such a glimpse of the thin line springing to advance when Wellington waved his hat at Waterloo!

And of all the cinema films, the very best have been on show this week at more than thirty theatres and halls in London. They are official views of the British Army on the Somme, and in one after another we are shown what life in our Army means. We see the unfailing skill, the persistent industry, the vast and minutely subdivided organization, which are required for war. We are shown the miles on miles of carefully designed and deeply dug trenches, driven through clay or rock or gravel; the sandbags piled in millions along the parapet; the raised steps from which rifles can be fired through guarded loopholes; the maze of wire entanglement, running without a break from a pleasant watering-place on the Belgian coast to the frontier of Switzerland's "playground of Europe," and each mile of the line demanding an average of 150 miles of barbed wire for its defence (or 300 miles of it, if the enemy's entanglement is included). We are shown marvellously manufactured guns of every kind—the field-gun and the 4.7; the howitzers of 6-inch, 12-inch, 15-inch; the trench mortars firing large explosive globes at the end of sticks; the "plum-puddings" and "flying-pigs"; the little machine-guns, reeling off 250 rifle bullets as fast as the hand can turn the belt, transforming the whole method of war; the rifles so cleverly made; the two-edged bayonets, sharp and ready—"Wise Virgins," as Clausewitz called them. We are shown guns so large that each has a special railway to itself, and needs a wood to hide it; so accurate in make and calculation that over a range of miles they will plump their enormous shells into trenches only a few yards in front of our own, and never miss. We are shown the explosions of their shells throwing up clouds of smoke along the enemy's lines, like an avenue of magic trees. We are shown mines constructed in the depths of the earth with such skill that at the touch of a spark they fling the solid contents of a field high into the air, and leave a volcano's crater where before the ground was flat. We see the field arise like a hill, and fall scattered far and wide through the air.

There is not space to mention one-tenth of the similar instances of human industry, patient devotion, and scientific mastery of nature that we are shown—the balloons and aeroplanes, the millions on millions of accurately manufactured ammunitions, the labor of distribution organized to supply explosives and food, the wireless, the telephone, the post, the map-making, the unaccustomed toil of washing, cooking, mending, and cleaning-up, usually feminine. But after we have witnessed all these examples of mankind's amazing versatility and invention, the films show us a few among the results obtained by such expenditure of intelligence and wealth, and we see the ruins of beautiful ancient churches, heaps of rubbish where pleasant villages lately stood, the shattered walls of cities that can never be rebuilt, the few charred poles remaining from what the programme calls "the lovely wood of Bois de la Vache," and barren trenches or heaps of desert stones where, but for war, the furrow and the harvest would have been. To admirers of human wisdom these are marvellous results.

But there is about the films a further point, which has raised a little controversy. They show us that war implies death, and this open secret comes with a painful shock to some of its abstract students. The object of war is to kill as many men as possible, to bleed the enemy so white by killing men that he can no longer resist an advance into his territory or the demands laid upon him. The sole purpose of all those wonderful

devices, mechanisms, or inventions, and of all the wealth, industry, devotion, and organization displayed by both sides in war, is to put men out of existence, and the question is whether the purpose as well as the means ought to be displayed. The films show us some of the troops moving forward to the great "push" of July 1st. We see a roll-call in a village street. We see the evening or the early morning meal, to so many the last. We see battalions marching in fours along a road—the sunshine faces of young boys, the passing jokes, the silent and steady onward tramp. We see a party waiting for the final move. The jaws of one are moving rapidly up and down. We see fifty yards of trench, and a section waiting ready behind the parapet. The moment is coming. It comes. All scramble up the yielding side of the earthwork in line, and are over. All but two are over, and they slide down the yielding earth again into the trench and move no more. Bullets are shrieking thick across the top, and through the brains of those two they have flown. The rest have disappeared—all but one. He moves slowly through the shattered entanglement, one cannot say why. Then he goes rather quicker. Suddenly he falls. The film ends. The scene is cut short for ever.

Other films show a few of our own dead lying out on the grass, and a large number of German dead lying out or heaped for burial, in the grotesque and unnatural attitudes that dead men take. Others show the wounded being led along the trenches. One man is dying on another's back, some are carried on stretchers, some painfully limping. We see Germans brought in too—some wounded, some jerking their limbs spasmodically from nerve-shock, or flinging up their hands in the anguish of shattered minds at every unaccustomed sight or startling noise. Most of the dead, the wounded, and the insane are the enemy, it is true. They are the enemy, and yet even patriots find themselves asking, did those bones, then—did all that exquisite contrivance for life and that network of living tissue—cost no more in the breeding than to be pierced and smashed and severed and distraught like this? If this is the purpose and meaning and result of war (and nothing else is its purpose, meaning, or result) at all events, let us be clear about it. The cinema can never show us the worst scenes of all—the flying heads and limbs, the slaughtering knives:—

"Spatter of their brains,
And writhing of their bowels and so forth,
In that bewildering entanglement
Of horrible eventualities
Past calculation to the end of time."

But let it, at least, show us the worst it can, so that in future we may know what the people who make the wars are letting us in for. Perhaps so a time may come when this finest of cinemas may be brought out from the British Museum on special days for exhibition as a historic curiosity, and the spectators will smile to each other and say, "It is really amazing what a deal of intelligence and courage those ancestors of ours spent upon killing and dying when there was so much else waiting to be done for life!"

MIDDLE-CLASS SOCIALISM.

THERE is a note of depreciation, perhaps unfair, attached to the adjective "middle-class," even when it is applied to sentiments, opinions, or movements. It suggests dullness, prudence, opportunism, and lack of distinction. The full-blooded Socialist of the working classes usually entertains and often expresses a feeling of some contempt and suspicion of the intellectual support given to his

cause by societies or members of the educated and well-to-do classes. He remains strangely unimpressed by the fact that almost all his leaders have come from these classes. He feels it in his bones that comfortable, high-toned, and intellectual people, however sympathetic with his grievances, and however critical of the social-economic system, will find good reasons for refusing their support for any methods of reform that are really drastic and effective. Though part of this feeling is due to his firm acceptance of the ideas of the "class-war," with its narrow interpretation of productive service, some of it is the result of experience.

For it has been very difficult for the middle-class intellectuals to co-operate heartily and effectively with the raw, blind, and reckless forces of the proletarian revolt, and still more difficult to impose upon the urgent masses the balance, education, and direction, which they feel themselves competent to bestow. Probably the desirable fusion cannot take place in this country until the sharp lines of intellectual and social cleavage which still separate the servant-keeping from the non-servant-keeping class have broken down.

Meanwhile, middle-class Socialism, with all its desire to penetrate, mould, and guide the wider movement, will remain a comparatively feeble force, working timidly in grooves of its own, and avoiding close relations with the more revolutionary forces and methods which history may after all pronounce to be the necessary instruments of human progress. The "History of the Fabian Society," by Mr. E. R. Pease (Fifield), is an admirable detailed exposition of this philosophy of the middle-class. It will be noted as a curious fact that until the early 'eighties the economic problem in its modern meaning had made no impression upon the intellect or sympathy of Liberal politicians in this country. So keen an intelligence as that of Gladstone could live through half-a-century of active political thought and work without a glimmer of a perception that there was any constructive policy of economic reform to be worked out in this country. The heart of certain persons of the comfortable classes had been touched by poverty and its attendant misery and degradation, and had responded with philanthropy. The Christian Socialism of the mid-century withered for lack of intellectual roots, and left behind only flickerings of social compunction among the cultivated readers of Carlyle and Ruskin.

It has been the function of the Fabian Society to de-sentimentalize this middle-class compunction and to furnish it with theory, fact, and modes of practical expression. Mr. Pease offers an admirable explanation of the circumstances which brought Fabianism into being, and enabled it to achieve a rapid and remarkable success in doing what it was by nature capable of doing. Darwinism had already invaded and was conquering "the moral sciences," and "social evolution" presented to cautious intellects a better and a safer method of reform than street-fighting or the general strike. Slum life in East London and elsewhere was subjected to close study, and measured and ordered social information was supplied. The Industrial Remuneration Conference in 1885 was itself a remarkable testimony to the new public interest in "the condition of the people." The book and the campaign of Henry George gave an immense incentive to the general criticism of our economic system, and to the political as distinguished from the revolutionary method of reform. A great fervor was beginning to fill the trade unions, venting itself a few years later in the great Dock Strike and its sequels. A long peace and a rising standard of life and education among the artizan classes had favored new economic and political issues in the struggle for democracy.

Under such conditions a little group of able and enthusiastic young men, mostly fresh from the University, with a sprinkling of advanced young women, set themselves to work for "reinstating society." An inner compulsion, of which they were but faintly conscious, drove them the way that they must go. First, they must liberate themselves from the flood of emotional idealism which first brought them together in a "Fellowship of the Good Life." Then they must work out a social-economic theory which should differentiate them from the dangerous proletarian Socialism which had its gospel in "Das Kapital" and the theory of the class-war. Hence the new Socialist basis of "Fabian Essays," derived from a union of Ricardo's law of rent with the Jevonian doctrine of final utility. But, except for a few of the originators, in their earlier dialectical combats with Social Democrats, Anarchists, and Single-taxers, this central economic theory has exercised no marked influence upon Fabian activities. For, as from the beginning they frowned on sentimentalism, so general ideas of any sort began to be looked upon with suspicion as likely to interfere injuriously with the elasticity and pliability of Fabian practice. For permeative and opportunist policy clear-cut theories are apt to be embarrassing. While, therefore, it has been generally held that the guiding minds of Fabianism hold in the background an armory of sharp economic and political theories, the actual work of the Society has less and less required their use.

But though theory has passed more and more into the background, intellectualism, in the sense of erudition, dialectics, and mental superiority, has not. On the contrary, a certain preference for complexity, indirectness, and paradox has been apparent in the views and the policy of a Society in which cleverness has been so abundant.

Their situation has obliged them to adopt a highly critical tone not only against Liberalism, but against proletarian Socialism. This attitude has been clearly marked in several crucial issues in which the main current of modern Liberalism has coalesced with that of Socialism, as, for example, in the opposition to the aggressive imperialism of the South African War, the Protectionism of 1903, and the education policy of the Balfour Government. For the executive of a Socialist Society to designate the question at issue in the South African War as one "which Socialism cannot solve and does not touch," in face of the clear volume of evidence regarding its capitalist origin and purpose, will rank as a record of evasiveness. Hardly less significant was the failure to diagnose the plain capitalistic reactionism of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, in the pronouncement on the Fiscal Question. As regards the education policy, it is enough to note the tone of satisfaction—almost exultation—with which Mr. Pease regards the success of the Fabian movement for the destruction of School Boards, and his discovery that "Mr. Arthur Balfour found himself able to carry out our principles more thoroughly than we thought practically possible." It hardly seems to occur to Mr. Pease as possible that Mr. Balfour understood Conservatism better than the Fabian Committee understood Socialism.

One penalty of intellectual intricacy is to miss the obvious. Another is to succumb to the pleasures of manipulation. This valuable history of Fabianism shows how easily and how completely in a society preserving all the forms and usages of democratic government a small group of able leaders have been able to impose their will and judgment in all crises on their electorate. Part of this imposition may rank as earned and legitimate authority, but part of it, accepting Mr.

Pease's story, is astute boss-management. Moreover, it emerges pretty clearly from the whole story that the sort of democracy in which the Fabian chiefs believe is one that leaves to "the people" little else than the formal endorsement of the decrees which their able leaders have issued. Now there is an immeasurable damage in such procedure. When Mr. Wells made his disturbing visit, he discovered that there was in Fabianism "no glow." What this means is that cleverly devised machinery plays too large a part in their art of government, and that the power of common enthusiasm needed for its working energy is deficient. This is due in a measure to what may be regarded as an accident of Fabianism, viz., the extreme mental brilliancy and personal force of the three or four persons who from the start have thought and willed the work of the Society. It is impossible to read Mr. Pease's book without realizing the immense predominance of Mr. Webb. Others occasionally, Mr. Shaw often, have occupied the centre of the stage; but Mr. Webb has always remained the manager and prompter.

Such a commentary, however, does no justice to the extraordinary value of the work of the Society. The central task Fabianism has performed is the socialization of the intelligence and will of large sections of the Liberal middle classes, the children of the men who governed England in the great Victorian era. That educative process, though as we see deficient in glow and democratic feeling, has been real and of conspicuous worth. The industry and skill given out by the tracts and lectures of the Society have not, however, been comparable in solid value with the outside labors of the individual leaders. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Wallas have been in their several ways among the most informing and stimulating minds of their generation. The most common weakness of advanced movements is the belief that strong hostile positions can be carried by enthusiasm and general ideas alone without industry and intellectual tactics. Now ordered information has been the strength of this middle-class Socialism. Not only have Mr. and Mrs. Webb toiled terribly themselves, but they have evoked and organized the toil of others, and have directed it along channels carefully explored and designed as tributary to the great main stream of social progress. So long as this work co-operates with "the spirit of the age," as was certainly the case in the 'eighties and 'nineties, the intellectual backing it provides is of immense value. But there remains a danger lest this science and its accompanying tactics should sap the spontaneity of feeling which constitutes the creative impulse of a social art. Science cannot take the place of art as a directive influence in conduct. Science, indeed, should feed and nourish the art of politics, as it does other arts. But the intellectual digestion of our people and their politicians is weak. Any attempt at over-feeding is likely to cause indigestion and debility. This largely accounts for the failure of the great recent Fabian campaign against Destitution. The intellectual food was too rich and varied, the logic too penetrating; the remedial proposals too ingenious. Is it possible for Fabianism to learn the economy of a simpler intellectual life?

NEW WINE IN OLD BOTTLES.

THE National Mission is unlikely to make much direct appeal to the nation. The one fatal thing, it was said by a cautious but shrewd observer, would be merely to go to the nation saying very loudly the things which it has heard us say, though not so loudly, before. This,

however, is the programme set forth by authority. In order to conciliate the High Anglicans, it was thought politic not to invite the co-operation of the Free Churches, and so to sacrifice the national character of the movement; while now, as if to illustrate the Nemesis that waits on over-policy, an acrimonious dispute has broken out as to the part to be taken by women in the projected services. The scheme is in troubled waters, and may be wrecked—

"Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends."

First, the irreconcilables coerce the Bishops into excluding the Dissenters—i.e., more than half the nation; now they threaten to strike unless women—i.e., the larger half of the remainder—are ostracized. "I'm no sure o' John," answered a stout Seceder, when asked whether the Elect consisted of herself and her husband. The E. C. U. is "no sure o' the Bishops": the Chair of St. Augustine has been translated from Lambeth to the office of the Union in Russell Square.

And, this truckling to extremists apart, the plan of campaign meets the religious indifference against which it is directed with the very machinery which, it admits, has broken down. People will not attend our services; therefore, let us multiply these services: they will not make their communion; therefore, the number and elaborateness of our Celebrations are to be increased. The result is that only the type of Churchmen who attend ruridecanal conferences is attracted. Others are frankly not interested in the Mission. Most of them have never heard of it; the rest ask what it is about and what it is.

Indirectly, however, its results may be considerable. The frank admission of what may be called the High Church Left of "the tragic failure of the Church to meet the needs of the nation," and the recognition that "much of the traditions, teachings, and precepts of the Christian Churches are entirely out of date" have a denominational significance which the pronouncements of Liberal, or Broad, Churchmen, in themselves more important, do not possess. Bishop Gore in his day dealt the older Tractarianism its death blow. But "the priest who slew the slayer" must go warily; for he "shall himself be slain." The Bishop's Alexandrianism is a "moving tent," not an "abiding" city: if it welcomes the coming, it speeds the parting, guest.

The authors of "Faith or Fear?" (Macmillan.) have left it behind them. The book is not without its faults. The reiteration of the words "Church" and "Churchman" where one expects "Christian" and "Christianity" is irritating; it recalls one of the late Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper's Ballads:—

"I comes to hear about the Lord:
You always talks of She."

And one feels that Mr. Donald Hankey should have been above assigning *cherchez la femme* as a reason for the refusal to "join the Church." The retort is obvious: it is not necessary to be an unbeliever or even a non-practising Catholic, in order to lead an immoral life. Apart from this blot, the characteristic note of the essays is their candor. The comment, e.g., on the Resolutions adopted (1914) by the Upper House of Convocation with reference nominally to the Creeds, really to the event-character of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, is effective:—

"The Bishops, in view of the National Mission, are telling us repeatedly that they are going to lead the Church in the matter of repentance. One cannot but hope that the Episcopal 'change of mind' will mean that the Upper House of Convocation will in future recoil with horror from the attempt to settle matters of grave debate among scholars by the method of passing such resolutions as these."

Again, "our real trouble seems to be that we have lost almost all sense of the Gospel values, and have substituted for them a whole scheme of ecclesiastical values": the unreality of our services, it is complained, is emptying our churches; our phraseology, our sermons, our controversies, all are unreal. The difficulty is a practical one. On one and the same Sunday a congregation may be required to recite the three Creeds—Apostles', Nicene, and Athanasian; to sing Psalm cix., and to listen to such Scripture Lessons as II. Kings ix. or I. Corinthians xi. 1-16. While among the hymns may be Charles Wesley's "Lo, He comes with clouds descending," or Cowper's "There is a fountain filled with blood." We have to put ourselves into an artificial state of mind to do so: we have ceased to think or feel in this way.

Yet when changes are proposed, differences of opinion are endless. No service, it is generally thought, should exceed an hour in length: but, in order to reduce it to this limit, some would shorten the Lessons and Psalms, some the prayers, others the sermon: some would omit the Litany, some the Commandments, some the canticles. One likes the service plain, another choral; some prefer "Mass," some Mattins, some a non-liturgical service: it is impossible to please all. A partial solution is the consideration that the liturgical and the non-liturgical tempers differ. The former should imply a certain toleration of archaisms and of their historical interpretation; the latter a certain acquiescence in colloquialisms, not to say vulgarisms. Matthew Arnold used to compare the Anglican Burial Service to a reading from Milton, and the Nonconformist to a reading from a now forgotten poetess, Eliza Cook. Both have their points; and, as neither is a matter of principle, the Church will do well to sanction a diversity of usage. But, if you choose the former, you will be brought up against the obsolete; if the latter, against the illiterate: you cannot have it both ways.

With regard to other matters of complaint, the alternative must be considered. Private patronage is open to abuse: but would popular election or Episcopal nomination work better? The first would lead to obvious inconveniences; and one knows the type of clergyman promoted by bishops. It is not a bad type, as types go; but it is a flat and uniform type: and it takes all sorts to make a world. While those who denounce "the fatal opulence of bishops," and would reduce their income to a thousand a year, in order to bring them into touch with the working classes, forget that, from the point of view of a workman, a bishop with a thousand a year is as remote and shadowy a figure as a bishop with five. The relations between the several Churches are a problem of long standing. It is probable that the "brotherly interdenominationalism," which the Essayists recommend, is the surest way to the "reunion of Christendom." For this reunion must be conceived as spiritual rather than sectarian. A World-Church, after the medieval model, has ceased to be either possible or desirable. Such a Church would be an element of disunion in society. It has been tried and found wanting; and the past does not return.

It is difficult to reconcile the general outlook of the writers with their insistence upon what they call Catholicism, and in particular upon the Confessional and the Mass. This insistence is to be regretted, because it introduces an element of futility into their position: men are not going back to these things. The whole essence of Catholicism consists, says Harnack, in the canonization of tradition—i.e., in the arrest of movement: it is not a collection of practices and beliefs from which one may pick and choose, but a system—close, compact, and concatenated—which must be taken, or left. The several

parts are rooted in the whole. How can the Confessional and the Mass survive the belief in a wonder-working priesthood? Apart from this, they are mere bric-à-brac, yet how can this belief consist with the knowledge and thought of the modern world? Hobbes describes the Papacy as "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire"; Liberal Catholicism is "the ghost of the deceased Roman Church." Not till the realities have worn thin and threadbare do such ghosts present themselves. And their hold on life is short: with cockcrow they disappear.

The features of Catholicism, which from habit or sentiment retain a hold on Liberal Catholics—the Power of the Keys, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Real Presence, and its corollary, Eucharistic Association—are in fact analogous to such beliefs as that in Verbal Inspiration, in the allegorical sense of Scripture, or the Substitution theory of the Atonement, with which the Protestant parts, perhaps reluctantly, but which, given the changed religious perspective, must retain their values in new combinations and under new forms. Divergencies of ceremonial will remain; some will prefer a simpler, some a more ornate, worship: difference of temperament will find expression—with regard, *e.g.*, to the prominence given to the Eucharist, to prayer for the dead, to the relation of the Church militant to the Church triumphant, and in general to that continuity of thought and usage which the English Church has wisely maintained, and which means much to so many Christians. Here, within large limits, let every man abound in his own sense. But these things are not Catholicism. For "those rites and those doctrines which have made most noise in the Romanist controversy," says Pattison, "are those which are the least of the essence of Romanism. The Virgin and the Saints, Relics, Purgatory, Images, Masses—these bywords with the vulgar and the unthinking are powerless decorations or natural developments. The one essential principle of the Catholic system is the control of the individual conscience by an authority or law placed without it, and exercised by men assuming to act in the name of Heaven." This is the keystone: remove it, and sooner or later—and sooner rather than later—the arch falls.

MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH.

By H. G. WELLS.

(Continued from page 629.)

BOOK II.

Matching's Easy at War.

§ 6.

"Hugh's going to be in khaki, too," the elder junior told Teddy. "He's too young to go out in Kitchener's Army, but he's joined the Territorials. He went off on Thursday. . . . I wish Gilbert and me was older. . . ."

Mr. Britling had known his son's purpose since the evening of Teddy's announcement.

Hugh had come to his father's study as he was sitting musing at his writing-desk over the important question whether he should continue his "Examination of War" uninterruptedly, or whether he should not put that on one side for a time and set himself to state as clearly as possible the not too generally recognized misfit between the will and strength of Britain on the one hand and her administrative and military organization on the other. He felt that an enormous amount of human enthusiasm and energy was being refused and wasted;

that if things went on as they were going there would continue to be a quite disastrous shortage of gear, and that some broadening change was needed immediately if the swift exemplary victory over Germany that his soul demanded was to be ensured. Suppose he were to write some noisy articles at once, an article, for instance, to be called "The War of the Mechanics" or "The War of Gear," and another on "Without Civil Strength there is no Victory." If he wrote such things, would they be noted or would they just vanish indistinguishably into the general mental tumult? Would they be audible and helpful shouts, or just lost waste of shouting? . . . That at least was what he supposed himself to be thinking; it was, at any rate, the main current of his thinking; but all the same, just outside the circle of his attention, a number of other things were dimly apprehended, bobbing up and down in the flood and ready at the slightest chance to swirl into the centre of his thoughts. There was, for instance, Captain Carmine in the moonlight lugging up a railway embankment something horrible, something loose and wet and warm that had very recently been a man. There was Teddy, serious and patriotic—filling a futile penman with incredulous respect. There was the thin-faced man at the club, and a curious satisfaction he had betrayed in the public disarrangement. And there was Hugh. Particularly there was Hugh, silent but watchful. The boy never babbled. He had his mother's gift of deep, dark silences. Out of which she was wont to flash, a Black Princess waving a sword. He wandered for a little while among memories. . . . But Hugh didn't come out like that, though it always seemed possible he might—perhaps he didn't come out because he was a son. Revelation to his father wasn't his business. . . . What was he thinking of it all? What was he going to do? Mr. Britling was acutely anxious that his son should volunteer; he was almost certain that he would volunteer, but there was just a little shadow of doubt whether some extraordinary subtlety of mind mightn't have carried the boy into a pacifist attitude. No! that was impossible. In the face of Belgium. . . . But as greatly—and far more deeply in the warm flesh of his being—did Mr. Britling desire that no harm, no evil should happen to Hugh. . . .

The door opened, and Hugh came in. . . .

Mr. Britling glanced over his shoulder with an affectation of indifference. "Hal-lo!" he said. "What do you want?"

Hugh walked awkwardly to the hearthrug.

"Oh!" he said in an off-hand tone; "I suppose I've got to go soldiering for a bit. I just thought—I'd rather like to go off with a man I know to-morrow. . . ."

Mr. Britling's manner remained casual.

"It's the only thing to do now, I'm afraid," he said.

He turned in his chair and regarded his son. "What do you mean to do? O.T.C.?"

"I don't think I should make much of an officer. I hate giving orders to other people. We thought we'd just go together into the Essex Regiment as privates. . . ."

There was a little pause. Both father and son had rehearsed this scene in their minds several times, and now they found that they had no use for a number of sentences that had been most effective in these rehearsals. Mr. Britling scratched his cheek with the end of his pen. "I'm glad you want to go, Hugh," he said.

"I don't want to go," said Hugh with his hands deep in his pockets. "I want to go and work with Cardinal. But this job has to be done by everyone. Haven't you been saying as much all day? . . . It's like turning out to chase a burglar or suppress a mad dog. It's like necessary sanitation. . . ."

"You aren't attracted by soldiering?"

"Not a bit. I won't pretend it, Daddy. I think the whole business is a bore. Germany seems to me now just like some heavy, horrible, dirty mass that has fallen across Belgium and France. We've got to shove the stuff back again. That's all. . . ."

He volunteered some further remarks to his father's silence.

"You know I can't get up a bit of tootle about this business," he said. "I think killing people or getting killed is a thoroughly nasty habit. . . . I expect my share will be just drilling and fatigue duties and route marches, and loafing here in England. . . ."

"You can't possibly go out for two years," said Mr. Britling, as if he regretted it.

A slight hesitation appeared in Hugh's eyes. "I suppose not," he said.

"Things ought to be over by then—anyhow," Mr. Britling added, betraying his real feelings.

"So it's really just helping at the furthest end of the shove," Hugh endorsed, but still with that touch of reservation in his manner.

The pause had the effect of closing the theoretical side of the question. "Where do you propose to enlist?" said Mr. Britling coming down to practical details.

§ 7.

The Battle of the Marne passed into the Battle of the Aisne, and then the long lines of the struggle streamed north-westward until the British were back in Belgium failing to clutch Menin and then defending Ypres. The elation of September followed the bedazzlement and dismay of August into the chapter of forgotten moods; and Mr. Britling's sense of the magnitude, the weight and duration of this war beyond all wars, increased steadily. The feel of it was less and less a feeling of crisis, and more and more a feeling of new conditions. It wasn't as it had seemed at first, the end of one human phase and the beginning of another; it was in itself a phase. It was a new way of living. And still he could find no real point of contact for himself with it all except the point of his pen. Only at his writing-desk, and more particularly at night, were the great presences of the conflict his. Yet he was always desiring some more personal and physical participation.

Hugh came along one day in October in an ill-fitting uniform, looking already coarser in fibre and with a nose scorched red by the autumnal sun. He said the life was rough, but it made him feel extraordinarily well; perhaps man was made to toil until he dropped asleep from exhaustion, to fast for ten or twelve hours and then eat like a wolf. He was acquiring a taste for Woodbine cigarettes, and a heady variety of mineral waters called Monsters. He feared promotion; he felt he could never take the high line with other human beings demanded of a corporal. He was still trying to read a little chemistry and crystallography, but it didn't "go with the life." In the scanty leisure of a recruit in training it was more agreeable to lie about and write doggerel verses and draw caricatures of the men in one's platoon. Invited to choose what he liked by his family, he demanded a large tuck-box such as he used to have at school, only "much larger," and a big tin of insect powder. It must be able to kill ticks. . . .

When he had gone, the craving for a personal share in the nation's physical exertions became overpowering in Mr. Britling. He wanted, he felt, to "get his skin into it." He had decided that the volunteer movement was a hopeless one. The War Office, after a stout resistance to any volunteer movement at all, decided to recognize it in such a manner as to make it ridiculous. The volunteers were to have no officers and no weapons that could be remotely mistaken for those of the regulars, so that in the event of an invasion the Germans would be able to tell what they had to deal with miles away. Wilkins found his conception of a whole nation, all enrolled, all listed and badged according to capacity, his dream of everyone falling into place in one great voluntary national effort, treated as the childish dreaming of that most ignorant of all human types, a "novelist." "Punch" was delicately funny about him; he was represented as wearing a preposterous cocked hat of his own design, designing cocked hats for everyone. Wilkins was told to "shut up" in a multitude of anonymous letters, and publicly and privately to "leave things to Kitchener." To bellow in loud, clear tones "leave things to Kitchener," and to depart for the theatre or the river or an automobile tour, was felt very generally

at that time to be the proper conduct for a patriot. There was a very general persuasion that to become a volunteer when one ought to be just modestly doing nothing at all, was in some obscure way a form of disloyalty.

So Mr. Britling was out of conceit with volunteering, and instead he went and was duly sworn and entrusted with badge of a special constable. The duties of a special constable were chiefly not to understand what was going on in the military sphere, and to do what he was told in the way of watching and warding conceivably vulnerable points. He had also to be available in the event of civil disorder. Mr. Britling was provided with a truncheon and sent out to guard various culverts, bridges, and fords in the hilly country to the north-westward of Matching's Easy. It was never very clear to him what he would do if he found a motor-car full of armed enemies engaged in undermining a culvert, or treacherously deepening some strategic ford. He supposed he would either engage them in conversation, or hit them with his truncheon, or perhaps do both things simultaneously. But as he really did not believe for a moment that any human being was likely to tamper with the telegraphs, telephones, ways and appliances committed to his care, his uncertainty did not trouble him very much. He prowled the lonely lanes and paths in the darkness, and became better acquainted with a multitude of intriguing little cries and noises that came from the hedges and coverts at night. One night he rescued a young leveret from a stoat, who seemed more than half inclined to give him battle for its prey until he cowed and defeated it with the glare of his electric torch.

As he prowled the countryside under the great hemisphere of Essex sky, or leant against fences or sat drowsily upon gates or sheltered from wind and rain under ricks or sheds, he had much time for meditation, and his thoughts went down and down below his first surface impressions of the war. He thought no longer of the rights and wrongs of this particular conflict, but of the underlying forces in mankind that made war possible; he planned no more ingenious treaties and conventions between the nations, and instead he faced the deeper riddles of essential evil and of conceivable changes in the heart of man. And the rain assailed him and thorns tore him, and the soaked, soft meadows bogged and betrayed his wandering feet, and the little underworld of the hedges and ditches hissed and squealed in the darkness and pursued and fled, and devoured or were slain.

And one night in April he was perplexed by a commotion among the pheasants and a barking of distant dogs, and then, to his great astonishment, he heard noises like a distant fireworks display, and saw something like a phantom yellowish fountain-pen in the sky far away to the east lit intermittently by a quivering searchlight and going very swiftly. And after he had rubbed his eyes and looked again, he realized that he was looking at a Zeppelin—a Zeppelin flying Londonward over Essex.

And all that night was wonder. . . .

§ 8.

While Mr. Britling was trying to find his duty in the routine of a special constable, Mrs. Britling set to work with great energy to attend various classes and qualify herself for Red Cross work. And early in October came the great drive of the Germans towards Antwerp and the sea, the great drive that was apparently designed to reach Calais, and which swept before it multitudes of Flemish refugees. There was an exodus of all classes from Antwerp into Holland and England, and then a huge process of depopulation in Flanders and the Pas de Calais. This flood came to the eastern and southern parts of England, and particularly to London, and there hastily improvised organizations distributed it to a number of local committees, each of which took a share of the refugees, hired and furnished unoccupied houses for the use of the penniless, and assisted those who had means into comfortable quarters. The Matching's Easy committee found itself with accom-

modation for sixty people, and with a miscellaneous bag of thirty individuals entrusted to its care, who had been part of the load of a little pirate steam-boat from Ostend. There were two Flemish peasant families, and the rest were more or less middle-class refugees from Antwerp. They were brought from the station to the Tithe barn at Claverings, and there distributed, under the personal supervision of Lady Homartyn and her agent, among those who were prepared for their entertainment. There was something like competition among the would-be hosts; everybody was glad of the chance of "doing something," and anxious to show these Belgians what England thought of their plucky little country. Mr. Britling was proud to lead off a Mr. Van der Pant, a neat little bearded man in a black tail-coat, a black bowler hat, and a knitted muffler, with a large rucksack and a conspicuously foreign-looking bicycle, to the hospitalities of Dower House. Mr. Van der Pant had escaped from Antwerp at the eleventh hour, he had caught a severe cold and, it would seem, lost his wife and family in the process; he had much to tell Mr. Britling, and in his zeal to tell it he did not at once discover that though Mr. Britling knew French quite well he did not know it very rapidly.

The dinner that night at the Dower House marked a distinct fresh step in the approach of the Great War to the old habits and securities of Matching's Easy. The war had indeed filled everyone's mind to the exclusion of all other topics since its very beginning; it had carried off Herr Heinrich to Germany, Teddy to London, and Hugh to Colchester, it had put a special brassard round Mr. Britling's arm and carried him out into the night, given Mrs. Britling several certificates, and interrupted the frequent visits and gossip of Mr. Lawrence Carmine; but so far it had not established a direct contact between the life of Matching's Easy and the grim business of shot, shell, and bayonet at the front. But now here was the Dower House accomplishing wonderful idioms in Anglo-French, and an animated guest telling them—sometimes one understood clearly and sometimes the meaning was clouded—of men blown to pieces under his eyes, of fragments of human beings lying about in the streets; there was trouble over the expression *omoplate d'une femme*, until one of the youngsters got the dictionary and found out it was the shoulder-blade of a woman; of pools of blood—everywhere—and of flight in the darkness.

Mr. Van der Pant had been in charge of the dynamos at the Antwerp Power Station, he had been keeping the electrified wires in the entanglements "alive," and he had stuck to his post until the German high explosives had shattered his wires and rendered his dynamos useless. He gave vivid little pictures of the noises of the bombardment, of the dead lying casually in the open spaces, of the failure of the German guns to hit the bridge of boats across which the bulk of the defenders and refugees escaped. He produced a little tourist's map of the city of Antwerp, and dotted at it with a pencil-case. "The—what do you call?—*obus*, ah, shells! fell, so and so and so." Across here he had fled on his *becane*, and along here and here. He had carried off his rifle, and hid it with the rifles of various other Belgians between floor and ceiling of a house in Zeebrugge. He had found the pirate steamer in the harbor, its captain resolved to extract the uttermost fare out of every refugee he took to London. When they were all aboard and started, they found there was no food except the hard ration biscuits of some Belgian soldiers. They had portioned this out like shipwrecked people on a raft. . . . The *mer* had been *calme*; thank Heaven! All night they had been pumping. He had helped with the pumps. But Mr. Van der Pant hoped still to get a reckoning with the captain of that ship.

Mr. Van der Pant had had shots at various Zeppelins. When the Zeppelins came to Antwerp everybody turned out on the roofs and shot at them. He was contemptuous of Zeppelins. He made derisive gestures to express his opinion of them. They could do nothing unless they came low, and if they came low you could hit them. One which ventured down had been riddled; it had had to drop all its bombs—luckily, they fell in

an open field—in order to make its lame escape. It was all nonsense to say, as the English papers did, that they took part in the final bombardment. Not a Zeppelin. . . . So he talked, and the Britling family listened and understood as much as they could, and replied and questioned in Anglo-French. Here was a man who but a few days ago had been steering his bicycle in the streets of Antwerp to avoid shell craters, pools of blood, and the torn-off arms and shoulder-blades of women. He had seen houses flaring, set afire by incendiary bombs, and once at a corner he had been knocked off his bicycle by the puff of a bursting shell. . . . Not only were these things in the same world with us, they were sitting at our table.

He told one grim story of an invalid woman unable to move, lying in bed in her *appartement*, and of how her husband went out on the balcony to look at the Zeppelin. There was a great noise of shooting. Ever and again he would put his head back into the room and tell her things, and then after a time he was silent and looked in no more. She called to him, and called again. Becoming frightened, she raised herself by a great effort and peered through the glass. At first she was too puzzled to understand what had happened. He was hanging over the front of the balcony, with his head twisted oddly. Twisted and shattered. He had been killed by shrapnel fired from the outer fortifications. . . .

These are the things that happen in histories and stories. They do not happen at Matching's Easy. . . .

Mr. Van der Pant did not seem to be angry with the Germans. But he manifestly regarded them as people to be killed. He denounced nothing that they had done; he related. They were just an evil accident that had happened to Belgium and mankind. They had to be destroyed. He gave Mr. Britling an extraordinary persuasion that knives were being sharpened in every cellar in Brussels and Antwerp against the day of inevitable retreat, and a resolution to exterminate the invader that was far too deep to be vindictive. . . . And the man was most amazingly unconquered. Mr. Britling perceived the label on his habitual dinner wine with a slight embarrassment. "Do you care," he asked, "to drink a German wine? This is Berncasteler from the Moselle." Mr. Van der Pant reflected. "But it is a good wine," he said. "After the peace it will be Belgian. . . . Yes, if we are to be safe in the future from such a war as this, we must have our boundaries right up to the Rhine."

So he sat and talked, flushed and, as it were, elated by the vividness of all that he had undergone. He had no trace of tragic quality, no hint of subjugation. But for his costume and his trimmed beard and his language he might have been a Dubliner or a Cockney.

He was astonishingly cut off from all his belongings. His house in Antwerp was abandoned to the invader; valuables and cherished objects very skilfully buried in the garden; he had no change of clothing except what the rucksack held. His only footwear were the boots he came in. He could not get on any of the slippers in the house, they were all too small for him, until suddenly Mrs. Britling bethought herself of Herr Heinrich's pair, still left unpacked upstairs. She produced them, and they fitted exactly. It seemed only poetical justice, a foretaste of national compensations, to annex them to Belgium forthwith. . . .

Also it became manifest that Mr. Van der Pant was cut off from all his family. And suddenly he became briskly critical of the English way of doing things. His wife and child had preceded him to England, crossing by Ostend and Folkestone a fortnight ago; her parents had come in August; both groups had been seized upon by improvised British organizations and very thoroughly and completely lost. He had written to the Belgian Embassy and they had referred him to a committee in London, and the committee had begun its services by discovering a Madame Van der Pant hitherto unknown to him at Camberwell, and displaying a certain suspicion and hostility when he said she would not do. There had been some futile telegrams. "What," asked Mr. Van der Pant, "ought one to do?"

Mr. Britling temporized by saying he would "make

inquiries," and put Mr. Van der Pant off for two days. Then he decided to go up to London with him and "make inquiries on the spot." Mr. Van der Pant did not discover his family, but Mr. Britling discovered the profound truth of a comment of Herr Heinrich's which he had hitherto considered utterly trivial, but which had nevertheless stuck in his memory. "The English," Herr Heinrich had said, "do not understand indexing. It is the root of all good organization."

Finally, Mr. Van der Pant adopted the irregular course of asking every Belgian he met if they had seen anyone from his district in Antwerp; if they had heard of the name of "Van der Pant"; if they had encountered So-and-so or So-and-so. And by obstinacy and good fortune he really got on to the track of Madame Van der Pant; she had been carried off into Kent, and a day later the Dower House was the scene of a happy reunion. Madame was a slender lady, dressed well and plainly, with a Belgian common sense and a Catholic reserve, and André was like a child of wax, delicate and charming and unsubstantial. It seemed incredible that he could ever grow into anything so buoyant and incessant as his father. The Britling boys had to be warned not to damage him. A sitting-room was handed over to the Belgians for their private use, and for a time the two families settled into the Dower House side by side. Anglo-French became the table language of the household. It hampered Mr. Britling very considerably. And both families set themselves to much unrecorded observation, much unspoken mutual criticism, and the exercise of great patience. It was tiresome for the English to be tied to a language that crippled all spontaneous talk; these linguistic gymnastics were fun to begin with, but soon they became very troublesome; and the Belgians suspected sensibilities in their hosts and a vast unwritten code of etiquette that did not exist; at first they were always waiting, as it were, to be invited or told or included; they seemed always deferentially backing out from intrusions. Moreover, they would not at first reveal what food they liked or what they didn't like, or whether they wanted more or less. . . . But these difficulties were soon smoothed away, they Anglicized quickly and cleverly. André grew bold and cheerful, and lost his first distrust of his rather older English playmates. Every day at lunch he produced a new, carefully prepared piece of English, though for some time he retained a marked preference for "Good morning, Saire," and "Thank you very much," over all other locutions, and fell back upon them on all possible and many impossible occasions. And he could do some sleight-of-hand tricks with remarkable skill and humor, and fold paper with quite astonishing results. Meanwhile Mr. Van der Pant sought temporary employment in England, went for long rides upon his bicycle, exchanged views with Mr. Britling upon a variety of subjects, and became a wonderful player of hockey.

He played hockey with an extraordinary zest and nimbleness. Always he played in the tail coat, and the knitted muffler was never relinquished; he treated the game entirely as an occasion for quick tricks and personal agility; he bounded about the field like a kitten, he pirouetted suddenly, he leapt into the air and came down in new directions; his fresh-colored face was alive with delight, the coat tails and the muffler trailed and swished about breathlessly behind his agility. He never passed to other players; he never realized his appointed place in the game; he sought simply to make himself a leaping screen about the ball as he drove it towards the goal. But André he would not permit to play at all, and Madame played like a lady, like a Madonna, like a saint carrying the instrument of her martyrdom. The game and its enthusiasms flowed round her and receded from her; she remained quite valiant but tolerant, restrained; doing her best to do the extraordinary things required of her, but essentially a being of passive dignities, living chiefly for them; Letty careered by her, keen and swift, was like a creature of a different species. . . .

Mr. Britling celebrated abundantly about these contrasts.

"What has been blown in among us by these

German shells," he said, "is essentially a Catholic family. Blown clean out of its setting. . . . We who are really—Neo-Europeans. . . .

"At first you imagine there is nothing separating us but language. Presently you find that language is the least of our separations. These people are people living upon fundamentally different ideas from ours, ideas far more definite and complete than ours. You imagine that home in Antwerp as something much more rounded off, much more closed in, a cell, a real social unit, a different thing altogether from this place of meeting. Our boys play cheerfully with all comers; little André hasn't learnt to play with any outside children at all. We must seem incredibly open to these Van der Pants. A house without sides. . . . Last Sunday I could not find out the names of the two girls who came on bicycles and played so well. They came with Kitty Westropp. And Van der Pant wanted to know how they were related to us. Or how was it they came?

"Look at Madame. She's built on a fundamentally different plan from any of our womenkind here. Tennis, the bicycle, co-education, the two-step, the higher education of women. . . . Say these things over to yourself, and think of her. It's like talking of a nun in riding breeches. She's a specialized woman, specializing in womanhood, her sphere is the home. Soft, trailing, draping skirts, slow movements, a veiled face; for no Oriental veil could be more effectual than her beautiful Catholic quiet. Catholicism invented the invisible purdah. She is far more akin to that sweet little Indian lady with the wonderful robes whom Carmine brought over with her tall husband last summer, than she is to Letty or Cissie. She, too, undertook to play hockey. And played it very much as Madame Van der Pant played it.

"The more I see of our hockey," said Mr. Britling, "the more wonderful it seems to me as a touchstone of character and culture and breeding. . . ."

Mr. Manning, to whom he was delivering this discourse, switched him on to a new track by asking what he meant by "Neo-European."

"It's a bad phrase," said Mr. Britling. "I'll withdraw it. Let me try and state exactly what I have in mind. I mean something that is coming up in America and here and the Scandinavian countries and Russia, a new culture, an escape from the Levantine religion and the Catholic culture that came to us from the Mediterranean. Let me drop Neo-European; let me say Northern. We are Northerners. The key, the heart, the nucleus and essence, of every culture is its conception of the relations of men and women; and this new culture tends to diminish the specialization of women as women, to let them out from the cell of the home into common citizenship with men. It's a new culture, still in process of development, which will make men more social and co-operative and women bolder, swifter, more responsible and less cloistered. It minimizes instead of exaggerating the importance of sex.

"And," said Mr. Britling, in very much the tones in which a preacher might say "Sixthly," "it is just all this Northern tendency that this world struggle is going to release. This war is pounding through Europe, smashing up homes, dispersing and mixing homes, setting Madame Van der Pant playing hockey, and André climbing trees with my young ruffians; it is killing young men by the million, altering the proportions of the sexes for a generation, bringing women into business and office and industry, destroying the accumulated wealth that kept so many of them in refined idleness, flooding the world with strange doubts and novel ideas. . . ."

§ 9.

But the conflict of manners and customs that followed the invasion of the English villages by French and Belgian refugees did not always present the immigrants as Catholics and the hosts as "Neo-European." In the case of Mr. Dimple it was the other way round. He met Mr. Britling in Claverings Park and told him his troubles.

"Of course," he said, "we have to do our Utmost

for Brave Little Belgium. I would be the last to complain of any little inconvenience one may experience in doing that. Still, I must confess I think you and dear Mrs. Britling are fortunate, exceptionally fortunate, in the Belgians you have got. My guests—it's unfortunate—the man is some sort of journalist and quite—oh! much too much—an Atheist. An open positive one. Not simply Honest Doubt. I'm quite prepared for honest doubt nowadays. You and I have no quarrel over that. But he is aggressive. He makes remarks about miracles, quite derogatory remarks, and not always in French. Sometimes he almost speaks English. And in front of my sister. And he goes out, he says, looking for a Café. He never finds a Café, but he certainly finds every public-house within a radius of miles. And he comes back smelling dreadfully of beer. When I drop a Little Hint, he blames the beer. He says it is not good beer—our good Essex beer! He doesn't understand any of our simple ways. He's sophisticated. The girls about here wear Belgian flags—and air their little bits of French. And he takes it as an encouragement. Only yesterday there was a scene. It seems he tried to kiss the Hickson girl at the inn—Maudie. . . . And his wife; a great big slow woman—in every way she is—Ample; it's dreadful even to seem to criticize, but I do so wish she would not see fit to sit down and nourish her baby in my poor old bachelor drawing-room—often at the most unseasonable times. And—so lavishly. . . ."

Mr. Britling attempted consolations.

"But anyhow," said Mr. Dimple, "I'm better off than poor dear Mrs. Bynne. She secured two milliners. She insisted upon them. And their clothes were certainly beautifully made—even my poor old unworldly eye could tell that. And she thought two milliners would be so useful with a large family like hers. They certainly said they were milliners. But it seems—I don't know what we shall do about them. . . . My dear Mr. Britling, those young women are anything but milliners—anything but milliners. . . ."

A faint gleam of amusement was only too perceptible through the good man's horror.

"Sirens, my dear Mr. Britling. Sirens. By profession." . . .

(To be continued.)

Letters to the Editor.

JEWISH M.P.'s AND THE RUSSIAN JEWS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The attitude of neutrality adopted by the eighteen Jewish M.P.s in the House of Commons on the question of the proposed compulsory enlistment of the Russian Jews, with the alternative of deportation to Russia, the fact that not one of the Jewish M.P.s raised their voices in protest, that Russian Jews residing in Britain are requested to fight for this country, without previously being admitted to the rights of British citizenship, recall to mind the vastly different attitude Disraeli took up in the historic debate in December, 1847, on Lord John Russell's motion for the removal of the remaining civil and political disabilities of the Jews of England. On that occasion, and during subsequent debates, Disraeli fearlessly faced a House hostile to the measure, and frankly impatient and suspicious of his eloquence in support of it. His colleague, Walpole, himself an opponent of the Jews, nevertheless said of Disraeli: "If there is one thing more than another for which my right hon. friend is entitled to the respect of both sides of the House, it is for the manly and honorable way in which he has come forward in support of the Jewish race."

History, inured to paradoxes, has reversed itself. To-day it is not a case of a Gentile praising a Jew for standing by his own people, but Jews outside Parliament must express their admiration for Gentile defenders of the Russian Jews. Posterity will note the fact that it was left for Gentiles to point out the sufferings of the Jews in Russia, who are still shut in by the Pale, debarred from the higher professions, and this in spite of the fact that half a million Jews are fighting for Russia, and that up to last August fifty thousand Jews were known to have fallen on the Russian battlefield.

The younger section of British Jewry, impregnated with the progressive thought of the country of their adoption, yet imbued with the traditions of their own race, proud of the valor of the Maccabees, whose descendants, volunteer and conscript alike, are fighting and dying bravely on all the battlefields of Europe, feel that the neutrality of the eighteen Jewish M.P.s, their silence either in condemnation or defence of the proposed measure, is something to be ashamed of. Yet the reasons for their silence are simple enough. It is true, as a former correspondent pointed out, "that they do not like to be reminded of their Judaism, which they bear as a heavy burden, and from which they cannot, for one reason or another, free themselves," "the one reason or another" being purely selfish ones, since it is easy to understand that the man who publicly cuts himself adrift from his race and fate does not find "open sesame" written on the doors of the society he would fain enter. It is much simpler to be a Jew in name and silently to shed all one's obligations. But there is a stronger reason for the indifference of the Jewish M.P.s anent the enlistment or deportation of the Russian Jews resident in Britain. The former, living in freedom, have long looked down upon those of their co-religionists who are still in bondage, and who afford them no dramatic surprises, continually going through the same pogroms and submitting to the same prescribed rules of habitation. To many Jews in the West the oppressed Jews of Russia have come to be regarded, perhaps sub-consciously, as the proverbial poor relation, the unlucky member of the family who is always in trouble, and, in consequence, is somewhat to be pitied, somewhat to be despised, and at best rather a bore.

This feeling in a modified degree has still held good for those Russians who have flocked to other shores.

Had those influential British Jews, those who are silent, the others who are clamoring loudly for the deportation of the Russian Jews to Russia in the event of their refusal to enlist—taken the trouble in the past to understand their Russian co-religionists, who number among them the finest types of Jewish intellectuals, there would have been no need for Gentiles to write and to speak on their behalf—all honor due to them.

Everybody knows that at the outset of the war great numbers of Russian Jews residing in Britain offered themselves again and again for enlistment, but the authorities refused them. They were then allowed to resume their occupations, were totally ignored for many months; then, all of a sudden, they were peremptorily informed that they must either enlist in the British Army or go back to Russia. To fight for Britain without being allowed British citizenship, or to return to Russia, from whence they fled because the most elementary rights due to human beings were withheld from them! Is this fair? Is it right? Yet how easily all unnecessary trouble and discussion could have been avoided, if some influential, sincere, and fearless British Jew (could he have remembered Disraeli, or even have assumed the mantle of Deputy Freedman in the Duma), mindful of the self-respect of his Russian co-religionists, have insisted that naturalization should be granted them, and then have gone amongst them, and have appealed to their sense of duty as citizens of the Empire, to fight for the flag that has so long sheltered them, how many could have resisted such an appeal?

Fair play and noblesse oblige.—Yours, &c.,

JEANNE BERMAN.

Grimsby. August 21st, 1916.

THE PALM-KERNEL CAKE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The British farmer has many sins, but he is really not responsible for our failure to undertake palm-kernel crushing.

The writer of your article "The Empire as an Asset," speaking of the German farmer, says: "Behind the mill stood the agricultural chemist, who knew, after careful experiment, that the refuse of the crushing, converted into oil-cake, would enable nine cows to give the milk of ten. Behind the expert was the relatively better-educated and less conservative farmer, who believed, as our farmers would not, what the expert told him."

Now (1) If the agricultural chemist really told the farmer that palm-kernel cake "would enable nine cows to give the

milk of ten," he was talking nonsense, and it was unfortunate for the farmer if he believed him.

The best modern opinion based on experiments and a study of milk records, is that, with one exception, feeding above the normal ration necessary to maintain health does not stimulate milk yield. The one exception is the flush of spring grass, and this is probably rather psychical than physical. A heavy milker requires more food than a poor one, not in order further to force her milking capacity, but merely to prevent the drain of the heavy yield impairing her constitution.

(2) Recent investigations, conducted, if I remember rightly, by the authorities at Wye, have shown that the English farmer tends to overfeed his milking cows. The farms which showed highest profits were those where the quantity of cake fed was very moderate. A heavy ration of cake nearly always resulted in an unfavorable balance-sheet.

(3) It is not true that "our farmers would not believe what the expert told them." As soon as the authorities in whom they had confidence told them that palm-kernel cake was a good food for milch cows, they began to buy it, and have since increased their purchases, with the result that palm-kernel cake became, even before the war, continually dearer.

(4) Nevertheless, they have been right in refusing to pay as much for palm-kernel cake as its mere analysis would warrant, because, for some reason or other, it is exceedingly unpalatable to cattle. I know the theory is that after a time this unpalatableness is overcome; but my experience is that some cows may have it put before them constantly for a year or eighteen months and still refuse to touch it.

I do not wish to criticize the general conclusions of your writer, but he has certainly backed up his argument with a most unfortunate illustration.—Yours, &c.,

R. C. PHILLIMORE.

Kendals, Elstree. August, 19th, 1916.

[The statement in our article was based on the Report of the Committee on Edible and Oil-producing Nuts and Seeds [Cd. 8247]. It states on pp. 8 and 9, as the result of extensive German experiments that palm-kernel cake is an exception to the general rule that feeding above the normal ration does not increase or improve the milk. It is said to cause an increase "equal to about one-tenth of the total quantity of fat present in ordinary milk. . . . Nine cows would produce as much butter as ten did before." Evidence of the unpopularity of the cake in England before the war was before the Committee, and of its popularity in Germany. —ED., THE NATION.]

"A PLEA FOR REASON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—While greatly sympathizing with the general tone of Mr. Neal Green's letter under the above heading in your issue of this week, I think exception may fairly be taken to one expression in it. He writes, in a sentence dealing with Germany, of "her unspeakable crimes." The crimes, of the seriousness of which there is no doubt, are those of the German Government, and, above all, of the German aristocratic military party. It is said, I know, that Germany has sanctioned these crimes, but the sanction must not be looked upon as deliberate. It is the sanction given by a nation in the midst of a passionate struggle, deluded by its leaders, who, with all the arts of a careful sophistry, have inculcated the persuasion that Russia and France have been violent aggressors on Germany, and that England has treacherously egged them on. The perversion of truth is great; but we must not be surprised if, among the tumults of war, the Germans have accepted the version of facts which their leaders have impressed upon them.

I believe that Mr. Neal Green will agree with me; it is only a phrase of his to which I have taken exception.

As to the question of the ending of the war, I fear the German Government is not at present prepared to give up its spoil (Belgium, a slice of France, &c.). How can we allow it to retain these? But our own fire-eaters in the press are, quite unknowingly, a support of the bellicose spirit in Germany.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. MOZLEY.

August 21st, 1916.

THE DEPORTATIONS AT LILLE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I am not in the habit of making "crude and reckless statements"; and I have every confidence in the source of my information. Unfortunately, however, I am unable at present to disclose my evidence, just as it is impossible to disclose an even worse atrocity in the early days of the war, until the war itself is over. Captain Bennett may, however, be reminded that every newspaper has disclosed the fact that (1) the Lille girls are "herded with prostitutes," and (2) some of them are being sent to the trenches for menial work, and are there entirely at the mercy of German officers and men. Your own charitable suggestion that the Germans are ignorant of what is going on can scarcely excuse the population of Wittenberg or the crowds who "mafficked" over the sinking of the "Lusitania."

To those of your readers who have not read my book I should like to point out that the passage referred to by you was written to show "the horrors that result from the repudiation of all those humane instincts which can only flourish in an atmosphere of individual liberty" (p. 225). I remarked that the German as a human being was "educable," and might be educated in the future to better things, while the English would be degraded by the loss of individual liberty. I suggest that Captain Bennett might profitably reply to my challenge about the "ten righteous men in Germany" instead of dragging a red herring across the trail of the subject.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. P. HAYNES.

August 22nd, 1916.

BATTLE FILMS AT CINEMAS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In the "Manchester Guardian" for August 16th a description of the battle-films, about to be shown at the Scala and all over the country, concludes with the remark that "Two years ago the public exhibition of horrors like this would have been condemned as an indecency." But what has time to do with it? Or is the process of re-barbarization so rapid that what would have been disgusting two years ago has become decent now? Seneca denounced the making a sport and amusement (*per lusus ac jactum*) of the killing of men at the gladiatorial games, and declared that anyone who looked on at such shows came away more cruel and inhumane than he went to them. He, indeed, lived in those far-off pagan days, when he could still speak of man as "a thing sacred to man" (*homo sacra res homini*) and of the human race as the gentlest order in creation (*mitissimum genus*); but there are still some of us left who think it demoralizing (*pace* the "Manchester Guardian") to cultivate insensibility to human pain, the pain from all risk of which you are yourself removed by age or sex. Though mine is no squeamish conscience, it revolts at the sufferings of our brave soldier sons being turned into sport for the pleasure of idle sightseers and for the sake of mere lucre. Are children to be admitted to this closer view of the battlefield: to watch our men dropping as they leave the trenches in "reckless ecstasy," or the stretchers laden with our wounded, or the prisoners "staggering along like drunken men," or the pioneers looking for dugouts in the captured trenches, "as keen as terriers hunting rats"? And if such sights are unfitting for children, at what age do they become fitting? Surely they should be forbidden.—Yours, &c.,

J. A. FARRER.

Ingleborough, Lancaster. August 23rd, 1916.

THE LAW AND THE CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The considerations put forward by Mr. Brailsford in his admirable letter in your last issue will, I hope, have some effect on the policy adopted by the Government and the military authorities towards the Conscientious Objectors. I should like, with your permission, to emphasize some of the points.

First, the tribunals have succeeded so well in their object not to be imposed upon by "shirkers" that they have drafted into the Army hundreds of men who have shown, by enduring bullying and imprisonment, that they are the

genuine objectors who were intended to be exempted. It is evidently supposed by many tribunals that the only thing about which a man could have a genuine conscience is the act of killing. This is a mere misapprehension. It is the whole business of war and armies, the conniving, directly or indirectly, at that, the being under military discipline, with all its consequences, to which they object. Their objection may, and does, seem to others unreasonable and preposterous. But what has that to do with it? It is their conscience that the law is concerned with, not the conscience of the members of the tribunals. The tribunals were not appointed to get men into the Army. The Act does that. They were appointed to exempt certain men. And they have clearly erred in not exempting them. Secondly, the mistake having been made, and these men having been got into the Army, the only thing to be done is to get them out again as quickly as possible. The case they could not prove to the satisfaction of the tribunals they have proved by their steadfastness. It is superfluous to re-examine them before the Central Tribunal. They should be offered at once alternative civilian service. Thirdly, there is really no sense in insisting that the alternative work offered should be peculiarly distasteful to them. The point is that it should be useful, and what they are most fitted to do. And clearly, in most cases, that will be what they are trained and accustomed to do. To take a schoolmaster and set him to roadmaking, when there is a dearth of teachers, is mere silliness. It is defended on the ground that these men ought to make a sacrifice. But there is no object in sacrifice for its own sake, at the cost of efficiency, nor any merit either in making a sacrifice that is forced upon one, or inflicting it on other people. The essence of a sacrifice that is admirable is that it should be voluntary and necessary to a good purpose. The kind of sacrifice tribunals are imposing is nothing but a clumsy and stupid form of bullying.

Fourthly, those who refuse alternative service are, in fact, as Mr. Brailsford points out, the most convinced and genuine of all the objectors. Once more, the point is not whether the tribunals or the Government or the public agree with them, or understand them. It is their convictions we are dealing with, not our own. Personally, I do not happen to share their convictions, nor, most likely, do most of your readers. But what has that to do with it? Under the law they are entitled to exemption. And they are the kind of people who, if you leave them alone, will certainly serve the community in the way they best can, which is the way their judgment and their conscience approve. And does anyone really suppose that the issue of the war depends, even in the remotest way, on their being sent back to trouble the discipline of the Army or shut up in civilian prisons? We really want in this matter a little less passion and a little more common sense.—Yours, &c.,

G. LOWES DICKINSON.

August 23rd, 1916.

THE MOBILE CABINET.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Why all this indignation at the idea of making a moving picture of the Cabinet? Has not that body already been in a state of constant flux—both in personnel and in principles—for many months past?—Yours, &c.,

H. W. H.

August 22nd, 1916.

THE WOMAN PREACHER.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Much misguided ingenuity has been applied to reconciling the two passages in I. Corinthians that refer to women-preachers. Verse 5 of Chapter xi. stipulates that when women "prophesy" they shall cover their heads, or they might as well be shorn. ("Prophesying" is defined in the same epistle as "speaking unto men to edification, exhortation, and comfort.") But verse 34 of Chapter xiv. commands, "Let your women keep silence in the churches," i.e., meetings.

I suggest that the key to the difficulty lies in the rarely-quoted text that follows the famous prohibition, to wit: "And, if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home," which is plainly ironical, and must have caused much amusement to the ladies of Corinth, though its point is sharper in our own day. In fact, as a

careful study of the context will show, in both passages St. Paul is poking fun at his converts.

Some may object that apostles are incapable of satire, but have we not just had the Bishop of Chelmsford satirizing the anti-feminists of his flock in a very similar vein? Like St. Paul, the Bishop bows to the extremists—"to the weak became I as weak"; but, in dismissing them to their folly, he plants this rapier-thrust in their sides: "I have decided that during the mission I will not sanction any woman telling her sisters of their Savior's love in any church in the diocese of Chelmsford."—Yours, &c.,

A WIFE.

Henfield, Sussex. August 22nd, 1916.

THE CASE OF MR. SCOTT DUCKERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In much of the agitation on behalf of Conscientious Objectors it seems to be assumed that if the tribunals and the military authorities would consistently carry out the law and the expressed intentions of the Government, there would be no injustice, hardship, or persecution. To anyone who holds such an opinion I would commend a study of the case of Mr. James Scott Duckers. Before the present troubles Mr. Scott Duckers was a busy and successful solicitor, a practical philanthropist, and a rising Liberal politician. His political views were those of Bright and Cobden, and he did not shrink from applying them to recent foreign policy and the present war. He is also a deeply religious man, and conscription necessarily found in him a Conscientious Objector to whom compromise was impossible. Holding that no outside authority could supersede his own conscience, he made no application to a tribunal, but the magistrate who had the unpleasant duty of handing him over to the military complimented him on the courteous manner of his defence. That was in the middle of April, and he has been in military custody ever since. He has never been a soldier (except by a legal fiction); he has been simply a prisoner. Some days ago he was examined while in custody by two members of the Central Tribunal. The proceedings were secret, for the Government seems to have adopted the strange opinion that the less we know about this judicial body the more likely we are to have confidence in it. The only available information about this particular hearing was given by Mr. Forster in the Commons on August 21st. He said: "Private Scott Duckers at first refused to go before the Central Tribunal, but on August 7th he agreed to go, and duly appeared before it on August 8th. His attitude before the tribunal was that he would have nothing to do with the tribunal itself or the scheme in general. In view of these circumstances Private Scott Duckers will be dealt with under the Army Act."

Clearing this statement of its official bias against the victim, it obviously means that Mr. Duckers did not go before the tribunal of his own free will, but was haled before it, and that he then, in reply to questions, stated his objections to tribunals in matters of conscience and to alternative service, and I have no doubt he did this with his habitual courtesy. The tribunal had before it a letter which he had previously written to the commandant of the detention barracks expressing his willingness to do civil work as a solicitor, or as a clerk under trade union conditions, but not for a Government or a military contractor, and not as a conscript. He was sent back to military custody, and when I last heard of him he was in the guard-room of the Rifle Brigade at Minster, near Sheerness, awaiting court-martial for a fresh refusal to obey military orders.

Mr. Forster thinks this is not persecution, because it is merely military routine. If, in accordance with his threat of August 16th, Mr. Duckers is sent to the front, that, too, I suppose, will be routine, though the only conceivable object would be to make it possible to sentence the prisoner to death.—Yours, &c.,

S. V. BRACHER.

28, Mecklenburg Square, W.C.

RECONSTRUCTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I trust that you will follow up your excellent article on this subject by pointing out what will be the

probable consequences of a national failure to adopt some of the lines along which the work of Reconstruction must move.

I hear that already there is very bitter feeling among trade unionists in the trenches at the reward their patriotism, in allowing their hard-won regulations and restrictions to be scrapped, seems likely to receive. They hear of large employers boasting that the trade unions are half-destroyed now, and that it will be an easy matter to finish them off after the war, and they know they cannot hope for any real assistance from such a capitalistic institution as the House of Commons. Of course, the idea of a bloody revolution sounds rather fantastic and very "un-English," but now that the men are being taught that human life is of no particular value, and are also learning how, with old tin-cans, to make bombs that will destroy the strongest buildings, much more unlikely things may happen.

For several reasons the best safety-valve would be a radical alteration of our land laws. At present the decision as to how much food—and even of what sort—shall be grown lies entirely with the landowners, with the result that there is more uncultivated land in this country than the total area of cultivated land in Holland and Belgium and Denmark put together. But what chance is there of the House of Lords consenting to any thorough reform of our land laws—say, on the basis of J. S. Mill's dictum that the land of any country undoubtedly belongs to the people of that country? Our only hope is an enlightened Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will put such a tax on the capital value of all land that landowners will find it necessary to see that their broad acres are turned to the most productive use possible.

It will be a disastrous day for poor old England if, after a million of our best young men have been killed or maimed for life, another million, realizing that they have no interest in the land for which they have been undergoing such sacrifices, are to be encouraged to emigrate to the Colonies—now waiting for them with open arms—while all our disabled men, "broken in the wars," are, of course, to be left in the old country.—Yours, &c.,

E. MELLAND.

August 14th, 1916.

By an error, which we regret, the three poems which appeared on August 12th in THE NATION were attributed to Mr. Leonard Huxley instead of to his son, Mr. Aldous L. Huxley.

Poetry.

SIGNS AND WONDERS.

If, of my love, you seek a sign,
That, meeting, you her face may know,
Oh, learn in other schools, not mine,
The marks by which to go.
So fair is she, so fair is she,
That every eye at set of sun,
For fear lest they shall parted be,
His color to her face doth run.
So sweet is she, so sweet is she,
That every air which round her blows,
Hangs laden like a honey-bee
As in her breast he comes and goes.
So fond is she, so fond is she,
That, every time we kiss and part,
More freely she bestows on me
The deep possessions of her heart.
So blind is she, so blind is she,
That when beneath her looks I dwell,
A starlike gaze she bends on me,
And without measure, loves me well!
If, of that love, you seek a sign
That, mounting, you her heart may know,
Oh, ask of angels' lips, not mine,
The way by which to go!

LAURENCE HOUSMAN.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Fyodor Dostoevsky: A Critical Study." By J. Middleton Murry. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
 "The Christian Ethic of War." By T. P. Forsyth, D.D. (Longmans. 6s. net.)
 "Wild Animal Ways." By Ernest Thompson Seton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
 "L'Embusqué." Roman. Par Paul Margueritte. (Paris: Flammarion. 3fr. 50.)

BRINGING out books on Dostoevsky has become quite a marked feature of publishing activity. "Buried Alive" was translated as long ago as 1881, but it is only within recent years that the Dostoevsky cult has assumed any considerable dimensions. To-day there is in English a bulky mass of appreciations and interpretations of his writings. In a way this is not surprising. Dostoevsky is one of those writers who are perpetual invitations to critics, and he deals with those obscure and elusive mental states which have engaged so much of the attention of contemporary psychological research. But publishers are practical men, and I suspect that the number of books about him may be taken as evidence that a fair proportion of English people now read translations of Russian literature. Indeed, the evidence of this is widespread. Hardly a week passes without the publication of some new Russian novel, while books that serve as introductions to Russian literature are visible in most bookshops. Mr. Maurice Baring's little book in the "Home University Library" seems to be one of the most popular of these latter, and I notice that Messrs. Duckworth have just issued in their "Reader's Library" a revised edition of Prince Kropotkin's "Russian Literature." So that there is little doubt that Russian literature is now having something very like a "boom" in this country.

I do not know how it may have been with other readers, but I have to confess that it required some years of effort before I could really enjoy a translation of a Russian novel. Men whose taste and judgment I did not dare dispute used to assure me that I was either perverse or mentally deficient, and with shame I would again make the attempt to read a Russian novel. But for a long time I had to acknowledge defeat. The Russian mind and temperament were so alien from anything to which I was accustomed that I could make no progress. And then those awful Russian names! To make the acquaintance of Al'osha on one page, of Alexey Fedorovitch on a second, and of Karamazov on a third, and to have it dawn upon one's comprehension after some effort that these three were one, was, to say the least, discouraging. And then suddenly and unintelligibly I found salvation. I picked up Turguéneff's "A Sportsman's Notebook," expecting the usual disillusion, but I found myself held as I have rarely been by a book, and I have long since come to regard Turguéneff as, with Balzac, one of the greatest of all writers of fiction. And, in some way which I cannot explain, the "Sportsman's Notebook" gave me the power to read other Russian novels with increasing delight. I set down these confessions, not from any wish to emulate the attitude which made Uriah Heep so distinguished a man, but on the chance that there may be here and there a reader still in my former benighted condition. I believe that appreciation of Russian fiction does not come naturally to most English readers, and I am certain that none will regret the small amount of perseverance that is usually needed to overcome the preliminary obstacles.

Of course, one of the chief of these obstacles is that many Russian novels have been badly translated. Early in the war several of my friends, swept along by what was then a popular movement, and undeterred by reports of the difficulty, set to work to acquire the Russian language. As time passed I noticed a perceptible waning of their enthusiasm, and there is little doubt that an overwhelming majority of English readers will always be dependent on

translations. We are all grateful to Mrs. Garnett and Mrs. Townsend and two or three other writers who have done so much to bring Russian literature within our reach. Their work has received the highest commendation from the few who are competent to pronounce upon it, but it seems that the Russian language reflects so many of the subtleties of the Russian mind that in a large number of cases anything like an adequate rendering is entirely impossible. Madame Jarintzov's book, "The Russians and their Language," published last week by Mr. Blackwell, gives a number of illustrations of this. Madame Jarintzov writes admiringly of Mrs. Garnett's knowledge of Russian, but she suggests that Mrs. Garnett must find herself continually cramped and limited by the non-existence of English equivalents for significant Russian words. In the novels of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Tchekov, she says, there are passages where translation is absolutely impossible. Gogol she pronounces to be almost untranslatable, and she notices with relief that whole pages are omitted from the English version of Gogol's "Childhood." "If translated," she adds, "they would unavoidably be a painful disappointment to every Russian."

APART from fundamental differences in the genius of the two languages, Madame Jarintzov gives several illustrations of divergent locutions. A Russian does not call a friend "a good old chap," but describes him as "an engaging pigeon"; while, if irritated by the behavior of his friend's child, instead of saying, "Confound that brat!" he may be tempted to express a wish that "Crayfish may trample flat that bubble." A querulous complainer is invited to "cease having the toothache," while if he loses his temper he is urged "not to wave himself." And if he hears himself described as "respectable," he knows that he has made himself ridiculous. Significant also is the use which Russians make of prefixes and affixes. "Natophtal" the past tense, masculine, singular, of the verb "toptat"—to tread, with a prefix "na" means: "Hasn't he made a mess on the floor!" and Mr. Neville Forbes explains in his Russian grammar that when a guard on a Russian train, asking you to show your ticket, uses the word "bil'etik" instead of saying it in its original form, "bil'et," it means that he will not decline a tip. Madame de Lafayette said that a bad translator was like a stupid footman who delivers a pretty message for his mistress: "Plus le compliment est délicat plus on est sûr que le laquais s'en tire mal." The Vicomte de Vogüé, in his admirable book on the Russian novel, points out that one of the qualities of the great Russian novelists is that they have the art of awakening by a single sentence or a single line, "an infinite number of resonances, a whole series of sentiments and ideas." Most of us have felt this after reading them, and it says much for the translators that, in the face of so many difficulties, they manage to convey the impression.

WRITERS of distinction, from Dryden to Matthew Arnold, have had a good deal to say about the art of translation. Unfortunately, they have been mainly concerned with translations from the Greek and Latin classics or with the translation of poetry. Discussion of the principles of prose translation from the modern languages is more needed to-day, when works of the kind form so large a proportion of the world of books. Some useful observations on the art, which are of general application, are to be found in the Introduction to Dr. G. G. Ramsay's admirable translation of Tacitus. Dr. Ramsay quotes with approval three rules laid down by Alexander Fraser Tyler in an "Essay on the Principles of the Art of Translation," published in 1790. Tyler's definition of a good translation is one in which "the merit of the original work is so completely transfused into another language, as to be distinctly apprehended and as strongly felt by a native of the country to which the language belongs as it is by those who speak the language of the original work." He holds that this can only be done when the translation is a complete transcript of the ideas of the original, preserves its style and manner of writing, and, at the same time, has all the ease of original composition. Translators who even aim at this ideal are very few indeed, and the average English rendering of a popular foreign author is too often but a mere travesty of the original.

PENGUIN.



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The CHRISTMAS TERM will commence on September 25th.

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Reviews.

THE HISTORY OF THE ARMED PEACE.

"Histoire Diplomatique de l'Europe, depuis le Congrès de Berlin jusqu'à nos jours." Par A. DEBIDOUR. Première Partie. La Paix Armée, 1878-1904. (Paris: Félix Alcan. 7 fr.)

IN the quiet sentence which concludes the opening section of his contemporary history, M. Debidour, after a survey of the contents of the European powder-magazine as the Treaty of Berlin had re-arranged them, remarks drily, that posterity will be astonished that Europe contrived to avoid a Continental war in the long period from 1878 to 1914. It is probable that we have all made that reflection many times in these two years. Our first feeling, when the war broke out, was one of astonishment even more than indignation. It seemed a contradiction so intolerable of the true purpose and will of civilization. It was for most of us what a great German called the Hague Conference—a misprint in history. When we began to turn backwards in analysis and retrospect, searching for its causes and tracing its beginnings, it was the contrary impression which overcame us. The war stared at us out of the annals of the last half-century. Its red thread dominated every pattern, and if it would be rash to say that it was "inevitable" since 1870 or since 1878, the candid student began to admire the skill or to marvel at the luck with which diplomacy had avoided it. The mischief was, unfortunately, that while diplomacy managed sometimes by goodwill, sometimes by caution, and more often by callousness and timidity, to patch up the *status quo* and evade the real slumbering issues of the war, it never faced wholeheartedly the problem of removing them.

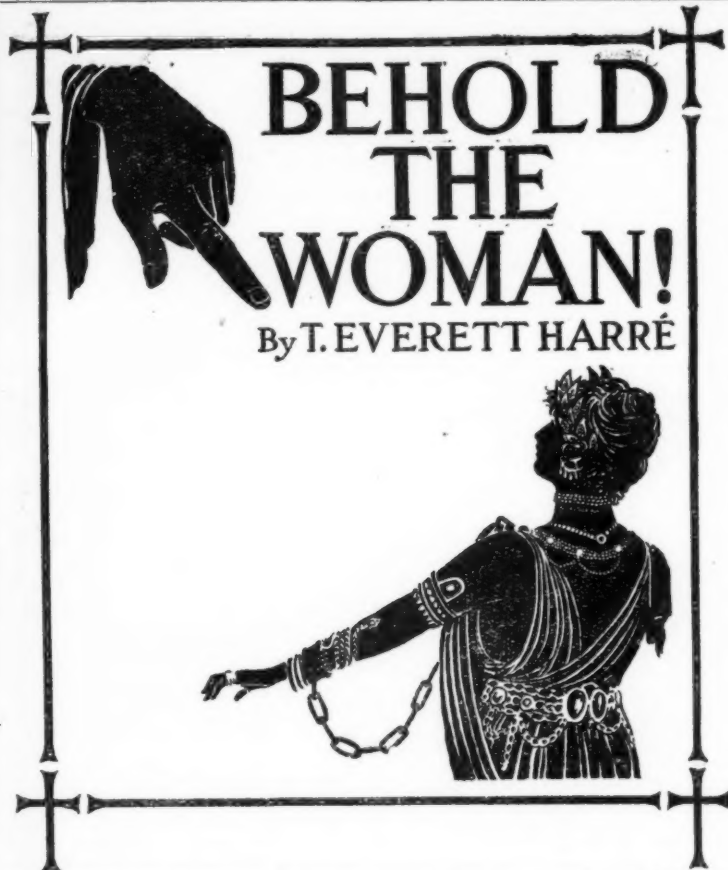
There is available a very capable history of the foreign policy of the present Kaiser's reign, from the standpoint of an able but extreme German Imperialist—Reventlow's "Deutschlands Auswärtige Politik (1888-1913)." The reverse of that history is now before us, in an equally competent history from the French standpoint. In this volume M. Debidour carries his narrative up to the conclusion of the Entente Cordiale; a further volume now in the press will bring his record down to 1914. The two historians are not dissimilar in method. Both of them are sparing in reflective and critical writing. Each achieves his effects by clear and restrained narrative. There are no picturesque passages, no portraits, no human digressions. But the very concentration of the narrative makes its intellectual impression: we watch the pitiless machinery grinding out its final product in the catastrophe of this war. Of the two historians, Reventlow is much the more cosmopolitan. He has read the more widely beyond German sources, particularly on the subject of Anglo-German relations. M. Debidour, on the other hand, who stands in the front rank of French historians, holds the chair at the Sorbonne, and has to his credit many "standard" books, besides his two classical volumes on the diplomatic history of Europe from 1814 to 1878, is typically French in his almost exclusive dependence on French sources. The long list of works consulted, which heads each chapter, includes very few English or German books. Even when he deals with affairs in which we played the chief part—Egypt and the Boer War, for example—he does not mention the standard English authorities. He refers always to the French Yellow Books and never to the English Blue Books. He is even more aloof in his attitude to German authorities. We should have supposed, for example, that anyone writing the history of this period would have consulted Schiemann's annual volume of collected articles for a record by an able and more or less "inspired" writer of German contemporary opinion. He does not mention Reventlow's "History," though it has been published for more than two years. The result is that he gives a meagre and, we think, on some points seriously erroneous account of British and German policy. If his history becomes "classical," as M. Léon Bourgeois predicts in his preface, it must be not as a final and so to speak central authority, but rather as a very able and careful study of European affairs from what

one might call an acute French angle. On the other hand, M. Debidour preserves his candor and his freedom of speech, and if his judgment is always French, it is the chivalrous France of a great ideal which passes sentence on the opportunist France of the day. Strong partisan as he is of the Russian alliance, he refers without minimizing to the internal oppressions of the 'seventies and 'eighties, and in his excellent narrative of the Armenian massacres he throws the responsibility for the failure of the Concert where it primarily must fall, on Russian policy. He is equally outspoken about our South African policy, though here he reveals his curiously summary attitude to everything which does not directly relate to France. He shortens his narrative excessively—not to use a harder word—when he represents us as conceding autonomy to the late Republics immediately on the conclusion of the war. And what English generals, we wonder, excused our "methods of barbarism" with the brilliant but most un-English epigram, "*on ne fait pas d'empire sans casser des peuples*"? We should guess that this may more probably have been said by a French wit about Madagascar or Morocco—subjects on which M. Debidour is less aware that a critical attitude is possible.

The value of the book to the British reader is precisely that it presents the middle French view with an entire sincerity. One fact is central to M. Debidour's mind through all this period—the tragedy of the lost provinces, and the idea of the *revanche* runs through his narrative, as the psychologist of Freud's school believes that the "suppressed wish" runs through the sub-conscious life of the individual mind. The effect of the War of 1870 on French policy meets us on every page—first in the painful timidity which caused France to play so weak a part in the Greek and Montenegrin episodes which followed the Treaty of Berlin, and again in the Egyptian chapter. M. Debidour bitterly regrets the loss of Egypt to France, but he is entirely honest in throwing the blame wholly on the French Governments of the day, which in their turn obeyed a still more timid Chamber. The beginning of the new attitude came with the Boulangist period, and it found its first expression in the Franco-Russian alliance. M. Debidour treats two episodes in Franco-German relations as central and decisive, and though neither of them has received due attention from English commentators, it is, we think, in his emphasis upon them that he shows his true instinct as a historian. The first of them was the effort which the Kaiser made, shortly after his accession, to bring about a reconciliation with France. He was that most dangerous of all figures in history, the impulsive romantic, and was then passing through a phase of youthful self-confident idealism. He talked peace. He dismissed Bismarck. He promoted social legislation. He summoned the international congress on industrial conditions, and gave to internationalism another good impulse in the Berlin Conference which established (only on paper unfortunately) the system of free trade in the Congo area. At these conferences he paid marked court to the French delegates, and then worked hard to break down the French intellectual boycott of Germany by a special effort to induce French artists to exhibit at Berlin. He staked everything on the visit of the Empress Frederick to Paris. M. Debidour recounts the sequel well—it is the best and most dramatic page in his book. The fury of Paris, the hot mass meetings of protest, the angry newspaper comment, the mobs in the street, gave the answer of an irreconcilable France to "the gaoler of Alsace." And yet the Kaiser had just introduced there a much milder régime. The effect of this rebuff on a vain and impulsive personality left a deep scar on history. The repression began again in Alsace, and for a moment there was even talk of mobilization.

The second episode on which he lays stress is the obscure attempt at mediation or intervention in the Boer War by a coalition of Russia, France, and Germany. Though the formal proposal was made by Russia, M. Debidour states (without submitting evidence) that it was really suggested to Russia by the Kaiser (he does not seem to have read the famous "Daily Telegraph" interview). However this may be, the main fact is that the proposed coalition broke down, because Germany suggested that the three Powers should mutually guarantee the *status quo* in Europe. France refused, since that would have been to renounce the lost

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provinces. The impossibility of any Franco-German reconciliation on the basis of the *status quo* was thus placed on record at intervals of twelve years, first by the populace and then by diplomacy. It is small wonder that the arming and the hostile grouping continued. M. Debidour is right, we think, in tracing the formation of the Entente largely to this episode. It caused France once more to recognize her chosen enemy. It taught us the danger of remaining isolated. But he foreshortens unduly when he says that the Entente was as good as made after Fashoda. On the contrary, our relations with France were at their worst in 1899. The Dreyfus affair deeply affected us, and the "Daily Mail" threatened to "roll France in mud and blood." M. Debidour passes over without a mention Mr. Chamberlain's "mend your manners" speech, his proposal of an Anglo-American-German alliance, and the rather obscure soundings towards a British-German-Japanese alliance which took place through a Japanese intermediary. Our first impulse, on discovering the risks of isolation, was to turn to Germany and not to France. The disillusionment came partly over the German evasion of the Chinese Treaty, and still more over two episodes which M. Debidour does not even mention, the Venezuela business and the Baghdad Railway. The plain fact was, of course, that Prince Bülow did not mean to be drawn into our anti-Russian policy of that day, nor, as Dr. Naumann has put it, to be "the junior member in the British world-firm." These are serious omissions in a diplomatic history, and so also is the failure to mention the secret clauses in the Morocco treaty.

The British reader, though he will make some heavy reserves in his praise of this most instructive and elaborate book, will find a salutary, if painful, stimulant to thought in M. Debidour's very full account of the long Anglo-French rivalry in colonial policy which filled so much of this period. The facts, especially about the African interior, are rather obscure, and to the younger generation the squabbles over Tonkin, Siam, and Madagascar are totally unknown. The general antagonism was notorious, but some of the details, such as the charge constantly brought against us of arming native chiefs against France, will be read by most Englishmen with surprise. That chapter is closed. Yes, but a moral remains. M. Debidour says quite simply, as though it were a matter of course, that our policy as the oldest and greatest colonial Power was, in plain words, to obstruct the development of any other colonial Power. We do not believe this to be true; and the publication of the Haldane-Bethmann-Hollweg negotiations would show the world that when two colonizing nations as hostile as Germany and we were in 1912 were brought together, our view of a rival expansion is not an exclusive one. But it must be borne in mind that if Free Trade is abandoned the non-exclusiveness of our Colonial system disappears also.

FRAGMENTA AUREA.

"Catholic Anthology, 1914-15." (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE title of Suckling's book of poems is not inappropriate to this fragmentary volume—much more so, indeed, than to his finished intaglios. Not that the banishment of rhyme has much to do with it. For rhyme is used sparingly but adequately to the rhythm of the verse, at the poet's will. Nor is it the natural association of the anthology with "Imagism," that mistaken theory which has grown such a deal of foliage but such immature fruits. The fragmentary element lies rather in a tentative and stumbling advance beyond Imagism into more secure poetic territory. Everybody knows the causes of the reaction which culminated in the Imagist anarchy. Metrical content had become a dancing slipper for a minute and over-manicured foot; poetic experience had run the whole gamut of conventional forms, and was now painfully retracing its tracks; the tyranny of rhyme had dominated the freedom and spontaneity of inspiration. There was more than a grain of truth in this indictment; but the liberators made the initial error of confusing cause and effect. What was wrong with verse was not its conventions but its conventionalists. The elasticity and fluctuations of rhyme are, as a matter of fact, of such extent and variety that they will satisfy practically all the

human emotions susceptible of poetic treatment. Look at the extraordinarily subtle modulations of rhyme and metre which Donne made use of to carry the most exquisite as the most exalted, the harshest as the most disillusioned of sexual passions. In fact, the mistake that the pioneers of modern free verse made was in employing it as a reaction at all. As a different form from rhyme, running parallel with the more orthodox metres, it has a perfectly legitimate function; as an antipathetic and contrasting form, it is little more than a barren heresy. Therein lies the importance of the "Catholic Anthology." It is ceasing to be preoccupied with and so dependent upon the rhymed conventions, to be a gesture—and a rather declamatory one at that—of dissent, and is becoming more and more concerned with its artistic structural canons and workmanship rather than with those of its arbitrarily-created enemy. How far this is true of the Imagists' devotion to externals is shown by their constant use of poetic moods and experience radically stale and discarded by the maturer judgment of a later generation.

But it is impossible to deal with this anthology as an entity. It is only in the work of one or two of the poets and by occasional indications in the others that this wholesome tendency can be realized. Mr. Ezra Pound, for instance, is still quite content to picture himself as a rebel in the last ditch, and to write little "cameos" which mean nothing but the author's determination to make himself picturesque and impressive. This is "Heather":—

"The black panther treads at my side,
And above my fingers
There float the petal-like flames.

"The milk-white girls
Unbend from the holly-trees,
And their snow-white leopard
Watches to fall on our trace."

This, "In a Station of the Metro." :—

"The apparition of these faces in a crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough."

This, from "Dogmatic Statement Concerning the Game of Chess":—

"Y' pawns, clearing, enbanking!
Whirl! Centripetal! Mate! King down on the vortex,
Clash, leaping of bards, straight strips of hard color,
Blocked light working in. Escapes. Renewing of contest."

Prunes and prisms—we feel inclined to say. Nor does Mr. Orrick Johns extend his originality beyond a superfluously rickety scaffolding. His long, semi-Whitmanesque poem, "No Prey am I," is the old Adam again, prancing on stilts:—

"It is because I despise you.
Yet if any man claim to be my peer I shall meet him,
For that man has an insolence that I like;
I am beholden to him.
I know the lightning when I see it,
And the toad when I see it. . . .
I warn all pretenders."

We catch glimpses of:—

"Buried in mire and filth, I laughed long,
And sprang up.
I have loved lust and vain deviltries,
And taken them into my heart—"

"A pathfinder is my mistress, one hard to keep, and
unbridled,
I have no respect for tame women."

And so on. The hoary "Hoityish-toityish-I'm-the-deuce-of-a-dashing-dog" type. Mr. Rodker chiefly writes impressionist prose sketches, with an abstract symbolism for motive. And he forgets that a mere multiplication of suggestions may make a total in arithmetic, but not in art. Miss Corbin does not get much further than adjectival descriptiveness, and Mr. Goldring is disappointingly jaded with his "Very Old Palace," "Old Brocade," "Your Bosom . . . rich with the round pearls, row on row," and "A long while ago." Mr. Allen Upward writes extremely slight and fragile little studies, *à la Chinoise*, which have rather a pretty tinkle, and Mr. W. C. Williams is inclined to let his title, "A Roccoco Study," run away with him. Mr. Yeats has one poem in which he pursues that new style of which a reviewer said that it "must be watched," as if it in some way disagreed with the Government. As yet, his new method is, curiously enough, a little harsh and uncertain of itself.

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"I grow old. . . . I grow old. . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trousers rolled.
"Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white-flannel trousers and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the merm-girls singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.
"I have seen them riding seaward to the waves,
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back,
When the wind blows the water white and black.
"We have lingered in the chambers of the sea,
By seagirls wreathed with seaweed red and brown,
Till human voices wake us and we drown."

There is considerable hope for free verse, if it will take in hand its development on these lines. Mr. Eliot is as yet only at the beginning, but he is learning to use its pictorial element in the right kind of way—from within outwards.

THREE TYPES.

"Seventeen." By BOOTH TARKINGTON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

"The Half-Priest." By HAMILTON DRUMMOND. (Stanley Paul. 6s.)

"A Mrs. Jones." By Mrs. C. S. PEEL. (Lane. 6s.)

THERE is something about Mr. Tarkington that reminds us of an inferior O. Henry, something of the same treatment of a conventional theme, of the friskiness, the banter, the facetiousness (which is very good of its kind), the ironic moralizing, and, be it said, of the same devastating sentimentality. But, unhappily, Mr. Tarkington is a clipped O. Henry—he has nothing of the American's extraordinary inventive idiom, his power of weaving a magical vulgarity of phrase about the most trivial and commonplace of material. For all that, "Seventeen" is a readable enough story, and a far better thing than the brocaded insipidities of "Monsieur Beaucaire." It relates the Petrarchan passion of William Sylvanus Baxter, aged seventeen, for his "Baby-Talk Lady," Miss Pratt, who spends the summer in his town. And Mr. Tarkington makes quite an agreeable extravagance of poor William's absurdities, delicacy of suggestion and outline—so, Mr. Tarkington will get his laugh, if he has to perspire for it. To secure that, he makes the ghastliness of Miss Pratt so terrible that the reader cannot but rejoice that she could never step out of the land of fantasy which, of course, has the effect of hoisting poor William's idolatry into the seventh heaven of ridicule. Mr. Tarkington goes no further than that. His humors are not those of psychology, but of situation. And situations which are not the breath of William's honied sighs, but which he has to swallow like a pill, to provide contortions for the reader's delectation. "Seventeen" is, in short, hilarious farce, at which our reader can choose whether to groan or guffaw. We are inclined to do a little of each.

"The Half-Priest," being a story of the Italian

Renaissance, naturally makes the most of its sinister, darkly-smiling, blandly and exquisitely murderous Borgia. Poor Caesar Borgia! If he had only known what a boon he was going to be to the novelist, he surely would have hesitated before cutting his picturesque dash. The "half-priest," Paul Marfalcia, is a retainer of the Zaratas of Pontaggio. Maura, the daughter of Duke Hercules, is sold in marriage to Luke Varana, of Arzano, as the price for the independence of Pontaggio. The rest of the book is occupied with the villainies of Varana, murdering, in the approved Italian manner, the guileless Zaratas one after another. At last only Rainald, the eldest son of Duke Hercules, is left, and he, following the intelligent Zarata precedent, also comes to Arsana to put himself in the lion's mouth. But Borgia steps in at the last moment and murders Varana and his familiars—an act of gratuitous kindness on the part of the talented Duke of Valentino, for which (considering the mental capacity of Rainald and his family) we cannot sufficiently admire him. Nor do we regret Varana. A man who will put himself to such desperate ruses, such subtle duplicities, such cunning convolutions of intrigue, when he might have murdered his victims in broad daylight and in the open market-place, without any of their adherents being a penny the wiser, does not invite our esteem. For the Duchess Maura we have more solicitude. Related both to the Zaratas and the Varanas, she ends by marrying Signor Fontana, Borgia's lieutenant in Arsana, whose protection of the Zaratas consists in hanging three of the Duke's most subordinate assassins, and solemnly warning him and his nobles that they are villains.

"A Mrs. Jones" is an earnest, competent, sincere, and slightly ridiculous novel about Dorothea Quenby, one of the daughters of a large and genteel family, with only a thousand or so a year. Dorothea is the typical heroine to which a number of capable women novelists have made us accustomed—alert, independent, restless, dissatisfied, and determined to do the best for herself without parental or any other interference. It is in following her career that the qualification "slightly ridiculous" suggests itself. Dorothea is much given to philosophizing, but all her philosophy amounts to spending the best years of her life in getting into Society; then, by a reaction, going to Spain and falling in love with a young man (or rather a bronzed young Empire-building English gentleman), who can never forget that he is not addressing a Lyceum audience, and finally, after a week or so desiring in loco, returning to Society and her admirable if dullish husband. And Dorothea never seems in the least capable of formulating her discontents or finding out why she is discontented. When she and her husband are left desperate and ruined, in the dreadful poverty of six hundred a year, she devotes her intelligence to writing advertisements for fashion papers. When wealth pours in upon her, she flees to Spain and Romance. But as for any intelligent opinion as to what she wants, outside a round of expensive dinners, country-house visiting, and domestic amenities with Cedric—well, we are in the dark as much as she is. The truth is that Dorothea is by habit and nature a respectable and rather luxurious matron, with a morbid taste for Wertherising. Mrs. Peel, we believe, has no satiric purpose in tracing her biography. It is a pity for the unity and structure of her clever but unsatisfactory novel that she has not.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"German Culture: Past and Present." By E. BELFORT BAX. (Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

Or all the problems the war has raised none seems more fascinating than that of reconciling the Germany of Machiavellian political ambitions, of materialism, of ruthlessness and frightfulness, which the war has revealed, with the idealistic Germany of Kant and Goethe and Beethoven; it has brought forth scores of books and pamphlets, and still dominates the magazines in one form or another. Remembering Mr. Belfort Bax's contributions to medieval German "Kulturgeschichte," we opened his new book hoping to find the problem tackled in a more logical and methodical way



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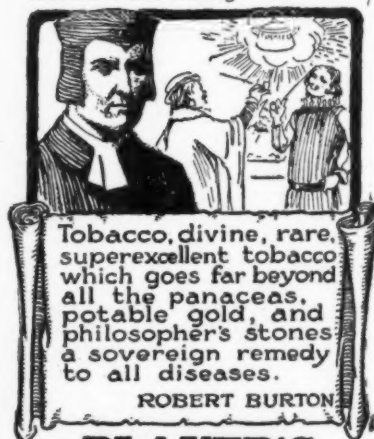
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than in most of the literature that has so far come under our notice; but he has disappointed us. Considerably over three-quarters of his volume covers ground the author had already covered in earlier works—that is to say, deals with the social life and political ideas of medieval Germany. This is followed by a very summary chapter on "Post-medieval Germany," and one on "Modern German Culture"; but there is no attempt to link up these chapters with the earlier ones, and thus throw light on modern developments by reference to the past. In fact, Mr. Belfort Bax deliberately throws away his opportunity, by restricting his last chapter to German "culture" in the purely English sense of the word, after having, up to this point, regarded it in the wider German significance of "civilization." Mr. Belfort Bax ascribes the present catastrophe to the ascendancy of Prussia, "the least German of all the populations of what constitutes modern Germany," and holds Bismarck responsible for "the degeneracy of the German character since the war of 1870." We are not so sure about the degeneracy of the German character; but, in any case, such trite generalizations are surely an unsatisfactory substitute for what we feel confident Mr. Belfort Bax could, out of the fullness of his knowledge, have given us—namely, a historical explanation of the German character as it appears to-day, based on the continuity of German social evolution from the Middle Ages onwards.

* * *

THE yearly Conference of Modern Churchmen was held at Oxford August 21st—25th, in connection with the Churchmen's Union. The attendance was large, and included a considerable number of those Liberal High Churchmen—the section is a growing one—who find themselves more at home in the Churchmen's Union than in the E.C.U. The subject of discussion was "Christian Ethics: their Development and Application; their Relation to Authority, to International Questions, and to Secular Life." The papers read, with Professor Percy Gardner's able presidential address, will be published in the forthcoming number of "The Modern Churchman." Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Conference was Canon Rochdale's opening sermon on Theism, which recalled Bishop Butler both in substance and in form.

The Week in the City

In this most mournful of holiday seasons there is little to report apart from a tiny Mexican flutter in either the Money Market or the Stock Exchange; but City men and writers are beginning to discuss various problems of the present and future which involve large questions of policy. One of these is the size and meaning of the dead weight war debt in the case of Britain and her Allies—how the interest is to be met after the war, and how the currencies of France, Italy, and Russia are to be restored. A second question is the treatment of private firms and companies, both neutral and belligerent. The idea of our Government (to judge from the action of the Foreign Office and Board of Trade) is to follow out the platform policy of Mr. Hughes, and to root out all direct trading with Germany. The black list is predominantly a war measure, as its professed aim is to injure German trade and traders by withdrawing British custom from those neutral firms which maintain trade connections with Germany. The compulsory liquidation of German firms

is, however, a different kind of measure, and seems to demand more public discussion than it has yet received, because it seems likely to involve in loss a large number of British manufacturers, merchants, and bankers, more especially in London, Manchester, Bradford, Hull, and Aberdeen, who have in the past lived and profited largely by the direct trade with Germany. The first question that should be discussed is whether a durable peace will be assisted by a commercial and tariff war; secondly, whether official favors to one British firm at the expense of another will eventually satisfy public opinion; and, thirdly, whether it is really desirable that the immense banking and shipping profits earned by London, Manchester, Hull, &c., in the trade with Germany and Austria, should be handed over to the Swiss, the Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians, the Swedes, and the New Yorkers.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

Last week it was announced that arrangements had been completed for the restoration to the English owners of the Mexican Railway, running from the capital to Vera Cruz, which has been in the hands of the Mexican Government since the middle of November, 1914. The company has repeatedly made requests for the return of the property, but the Government has hitherto urged the plea of military necessity, and a cable has now been received from the general manager saying that the company will take over the line from September 1st next. This was taken by the Stock Exchange as a sign of better and more settled conditions in the Republic, and there was a miniature boom not only in Mexican railway stocks but in many other Mexican securities in the early days of this week. The table below shows the rise which has taken place in stocks of the railway company:—

Description.	Price. July 27th, 1914.	Price. End of July, 1916.	Middle Price, August 22nd, 1916.	Rise. Since end of July, 1916.
Mexican Railway 6% Perm. Deb. Stock	116½	85½	89½	4½
Do. 4½% 2nd Debenture ...	83½	55	62	7
Do. 8% 1st Preference ...	104	61½	67	5½
Do. 8% 2nd Preference ...	65	35	41	6
Do. Ordinary Stock ...	33	17½	20½	3½

Prices have since suffered a little from profit-taking, but the debentures have kept firm. Mexico has a long way to go before it recovers its former prosperity, and the resources of the Government are meagre, so that much cannot be expected in the way of compensation at present. As the chairman remarked at the meeting at the end of June, "Unfortunately, even if the railway were given back to them within a reasonably short time, the bad condition of the line, the shortage of locomotives and rolling stock, the labor problem, and the state of the exchange would all militate in a great degree against successful profitable management." It is satisfactory, however, to find that the line is to be handed over "under acceptable conditions," which may be taken to refer to the question of compensation.

GUEST, KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS.

A big advance in profits is shown in the report of Guest, Keen & Nettlefolds, the great iron, steel, and colliery company, for the year ended June 30th last. Profits for the period amount to £424,480, as against £384,400, the figure being arrived at after provision for all liabilities under the Munitions of War and Finance Acts. The dividend distribution is the same, namely 10 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent., and both preference and ordinary distributions are paid free of income-tax. The sum of £100,000 is placed to reserve, and the amount carried forward is increased by £20,000, at £377,000. The shares are now quoted at 3½, giving a yield of £4 5s. per cent., free of income-tax.

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